

CAVALCADE

1/6

MAY, 1952



Was Kinsey really the First? — Page 24



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Cavalcade

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Galleon of Disaster

There was wealth beyond dreams piled in the holds of the Spanish.
Admitted . . . and British buccanniers came home with alike rich

THE Manila galleon carried a cargo worth \$,000,000 pieces of eight. Every buccannier in the world dreamed of capturing it.

Don Thomas de Abalo, captain-general of the King of Spain's galleon, Santa Anna, barely condescended to notice the weather-beaten little ship that came sailing towards him off the coast of California one morning in 1579.

He dismissed it as some vessel sent by the authorities at Acapulco in Mexico to welcome his ship after the long voyage from the Philippines.

In a few days he would bring his incredibly rich cargo of silks, spices and gems safely to port in Acapulco. The private profit would be enough for him to return to Spain and take his place as a wealthy grandee.

What was there for him to fear? The whole broad Pacific was a private Spanish lake. Only one foreigner—the over-accused Francis Drake—had ever disturbed its calm.

Don Thomas was completely dumfounded when the little ship first then quivered the side of the Santa Anna's midship to him—and fired

a broadside with her heavy artillery. The stranger ship was the Drake, owned and commanded by Thomas Cavendish, aged 24, a square of Suffolk.

Cavendish and his brother had heard vague stories from Drake's sailors about a rich-laden galleon which sailed every year from Manila to Acapulco.

With Elizabethan daring they had swapped their home and took every penny in a ship. They had then sailed boldly into Spanish waters, positively confident that they could capture the great galleon.

The odds seemed fantastic, even to Abalo. The Santa Anna was 600 tons, carried 90 men and 24 guns. The little Drake had barely 15 men and 16 guns.

But Abalo's men were sick and weary after their long voyage. And all but 10 of their guns were stored below in the hold. The authorities at Manila had cleared the stern deck to make room for cargo.

Cavendish made one attempt to board the galleon but was driven off. He then sailed steadily around the Santa Anna, pouring in broadside after broadside.

After six hours, Abalo surrendered. Young Cavendish had taken the greatest prize ever won by a British ship.

The Santa Anna carried 120,000 pieces of eight, besides "silks, spices, diamonds, marble, opals and dozens other merchandise."

When Cavendish's sails blew out in a Bay of Biscay gale he made new sails from silk.

The Drake's crew all wore gold chains when they sailed up the Thames to London. Queen Elizabeth laughed Thomas and his Spanish silver, released in London, was enough to start a panic in the London money market.

Cavendish's brilliant exploit made the whole world aware of the Manila galleon. For the next 200 years, men dreamed of capturing the galleon—the richest prize in the seven seas. And three Englishmen succeeded.

The Manila galleon was unique in the world's commercial history. Only the ancient Spanish concept of political economy could have kept it sailing, almost unbroken, every year for 25 years.

Soon after the Philippines were first colonized, the court of Spain decided that only one ship a year should sail in each direction between Mexico and Manila.

As an arrangement to sailors, it was ordered that every man living in Manila should be entitled to ship a fixed amount of cargo on the galleon.

The yearly galleon carried goods worth an average of 2,000,000 pieces. Some cargoes were worth 4,000,000.

Manila was not a prosperous colony under Spanish rule and the annual galleon became its principal source. Some of the money came from trade—like the cargo could be sold at twice its cost in Mexico—but the bulk of it came from fantastic corruption.

The ships themselves were provided by the Spanish Crown which also paid the crews.

The Manila authorities mistreated the passengers on the galleons to provide more opportunities for graft.

Each galleon carried a captain-general, six officers, two boatswains, surgeons, chaplains, priests, accountants, masters of the silver.

The pilots were sometimes, but not always, licensed seamen. The other officers were selected from those who could pay most.

The captain-general included soldiers, lawyers, and treasury officials. Normally, the captain-general received a salary of 4000 pieces for the trip.

Facing Mrs. Post: She's being expurgated! According to "Hins on Enquente" (published in Dublin, 1836): (1) It is considered vulgar to take fish or soup twice; (2) Ladies should never dine with their gloves on unless their hands are not fit to be seen; (3) Never leave your hat in the hall, you make yourself look too much at home; take your hat with you; it will show you are a gentleman . . . And, presumably, make you confident of having a hat when you depart).

Actually, he paid the Governor up to 15,000 pesos for the post. He could expect to clear 10,000 on the voyage. One captain-passenger made 100,000 pesos on a single voyage.

The merchants made money in other ways. Between voyages, the galleons were allowed to use the muelle at their moorings. Useful items could be made from rubbish from the following year.

They stored food, water and ammunition to make room for cargo. The galleons were often overcrowded.

But with all their faults, they were the fastest, finest ships in the world. And they maintained a regular service across the Pacific from 1595 to 1825.

The wealth of the galleons was a constant lure to British seamen.

The most persistent, and unsuccessful of them all was William Dampier. In his first voyage round the world with the buxander *Sorrel*, Dampier sighted the second Manila ship but *Sorrel* had to let it go because his

ship was too short of provisions.

After exploring the Australian coast in HMS *Roebuck*, Dampier became commander of the privateer *St. George*. He captured the Manila galleon *Romana* in 1703 but was driven off after a short fight.

Still determined, he sailed as pilot with *Woodes Rogers* on the *Duke* in 1708. *Woodes Rogers* attacked the *Gran Maestro Senora de la Encarnacion* and captured the galleon after a long fight.

Two more British privateers tried to repeat the exploit 11 years later but the next successful attack was made by Captain Anson in HMS *Cerberus* in 1743.

Anson had been sent on a round-world voyage to hurry Spanish trade. He rounded the galleon off California, sailed to the Philippines and missed again.

He refitted his ship in China and waited for a third chance. This time he caught the *Coronelga* on its way from *Anapolo* to Manila.

The fight lasted two hours. Anson's own, in a smaller ship, went out by their lone, unlucky voyage, fought desperately.

When the *Coronelga* surrendered Anson found his prize contained 1,211,040 pesos of silver and 25,000 ounces of bullion.

Anson was promoted to admiral and raised to the peerage for the capture.

The last galleon was taken in 1822 when an expedition from Mexico attacked Manila.

Admiral Cornish, the British commander, sent ships looking for the expected galleons from *Anapolo*.

The Spaniards intercepted the galleon and looted its silver secretly. Then the British cruiser, *Centaur*, disappeared to port, sighted the remains of all Manila galleons, *San Esteban*, Trinidad.

The galleons had sailed from Manila

a fortnight before Cornish arrived and was now returning because of bad weather.

In typical Spanish fashion, the galleon had only six guns on deck when HMS *Arcturion* attacked at dusk.

By dawn, the Spanish commander had mounted seven more guns but HMS *Porpoise* had joined in the attack.

The galleon, 200 tons, and the largest ship in the world, fought on for two more hours.

British authorities later counted 1800 cannon balls embedded in her thick sides. Not one had penetrated entirely.

The great prize was towed back to Manila where her cargo was estimated at 200,000 pesos.

San Esteban, Trinidad was wrecked in Plymouth where it was displayed as the greatest prize ever taken by a British squadron. People came from miles around to gaze at the great ship.

By then the great days of the galleons were almost over. In 1825 a galleon sailed from Manila to *Anapolo*—and found everything in disorder. In a time of revolution, there was no one to give orders.

After 230 years, the last galleon was at anchor.

COMPLAINTS



COMPLIMENTS



"MOUNTIE" of the FINKE

L. E. KINGSBURY

Out in the spinifex and the sand, the men in khaki bring justice, success and civilization to the people Back-Beyond.



CONSTABLE BROWN set a clump of spinifex on fire. The spinifex grew blown up and cracked in a real little bonfire.

The laughing merry-eyed constable who put on this little demonstration of the inflammability of this desert grass for us was about to board "The Ghem"—the train which runs wilderness from Oodnadatta to Alice Springs.

He was beginning his yearly patrol of his 125,000 square miles area—the largest one-man police district in the world. He wore the khaki uniform and broad-brimmed hat of the Northern Territory police, which until 1923 was a mounted force like the Canadian Mounted.

The north-bound train was halted

at the Finke River—the constable's station. Once on the bank we could see several low-wooded hangovers of gumwood trees and a herd of black and white goats. Somewhere near them, although we could not see them, would be trained the camel teams of 18 always kept up to strength at this police outpost.

On the left we could glimpse the Finke River, which usually runs only about once a year and the rest of the time is just a dry bed of sand, with only twisted gum trees to distinguish the banks. . . . the world's oldest river, it is said to be.

For the first time, Ron Brown was

about to do his native patrol by truck, in company with a Native Affairs officer—a patrol which takes him three months to do by camel.

A fifth of the Northern Territory in area, his district extends from just south of Alice Springs to the South Australian border and from the Queensland to the West Australian borders. On the map on which he was about to set out he would travel 2,000 miles, covering the main cattle stations in the area.

A strange world it is, this "hang-dam" of his. Ron Brown will tell you of a cattle station on the Finke River where there is a meteoric crater rated as the third or fourth largest in the world—"the meteorite fell a long time ago because the blacks don't remember the noise of it," he says.

He will describe to you the famous Ayers Rock, north of the McMurdo Range which, he says, is "supposed to be the world's largest stone or rock—1,100 feet high and about seven miles around. It's a place where the blacks gather sometimes for ceremonies."

At one stage of the patrol Constable Brown went all north-east to Andado Station on the western fringe of the Simpson Desert. From this station, he said, Professor Madigan crossed the Simpson Desert to Birdsville. . . . "and I think he crossed well over 100 miles, some of them 15 feet high."

The furthest point of the constable's journey was to be Mount Olga, which is about 100 miles south-west of Alice Springs.

Constable Brown has been with the Northern Territory Police Force since about 1928 and stationed at the Finke River for more than half that time.

He and his wife and their two children had only two or three other families to permanent company at the Finke.

"Lonely?" he hardly seemed to know the meaning of the word.

There is always something going on. One day the phone rang with a call from the rail master at Alice Springs to summon Constable Brown hurriedly to a certain station on the line. The rail master said that some Bells were standing over a gangster there with knives. The gangster had managed to dash to a phone and call for help. Then there had been an extra guard's crew the wire and silence.

Constable Brown hurried to the scene. On his way he met the gangster and his mate looking for their lives. The Bells had come upon them when phoning. When he arrived at the station, a paymaster Bell attacked the constable but he disposed of him. Three of the ruffians had panicked and fled to the hills. As these punishment the Bells were heavily fined and transferred to the Torres Continental line.

The most frequent offender he has to deal with are sheep and cattle thieves, apart from the usual drinks and disorderlies. Trivial murders, fortunately, had not come his way, although police officers on other districts had had their share of them.

Another of Constable Brown's adventures was during a patrol the previous year. He decided because the first to go to the Purnaman Range without a camel team supporting it and without a water set. He went over to the south-western Aboriginal reserve to see whether any white men were trespassing there, prospecting or buying for drugs and so, and also to see whether the country could be crossed by motor vehicles.

All Northern Territory police stations have black trackers, and Constable Brown had one who provided quite a few diversions. As frequently happens with aborigines

WOODS OF THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Clothes (they say) can make a man—
and who am I to doubt it—

Booze and lodges, Scville
Row
make no bones about it.

So don't ignore the ancient
saw that once our fore-
bears spoke:

To-day clothes still can make a man—
especially go
beside!

—JAT-PAY.

the tractor was returned to a lady almost twenty his age, who was also quite a man. Whenever she had occasion to borrow portions of a peasant habit, which was often, she would bust her husband up. Constable Brown confirmed he found this quite useful on occasions when he was displeased with the tractor.

He told us how once when he was about to dismantle the tractor, the lady thrashed her husband again, the lady gave her 1/- and told her she had saved him a lot of trouble. Unfortunately for the tractor was that since then he had been broken up more frequently than ever by his wife.

On patrol, Constable Brown's job is to collect taxes, dog registrations, meter fees and license registrations, as well as looking after general police work. He also has a look at any new rock lakes and other sources of water and to see how prevalent the game is.

The Native Affairs officer who goes with him sees to the general welfare of the aborigines. He collects

the returns which all employers of aborigines have to put in every six months, showing how many blacks they're employing and what wages they are paying them, and also how many dependents these aborigines have.

At Barkham, for instance, north of the Finke and on the trade line to Alice Springs, the United Paint Company employs aborigines bagging and trucking cement. And, of course, they are indispensable employees to the cattle stations.

The kitchen of Constable Brown's territory is the Overland Telegraph, which stretches more than 1,000 miles from Adelaide to Darwin, and is said to be the longest telephone daisy-chain in the world. The Darwin exchange can dial an Adelaide number and get it immediately although 2,000 miles of scrubland, saltbush, red lakes and uninhabited gulcher lie in between. Over the snaking of aboriginal camp fires it stretches—one of the longest telephone lines in the world, radiating from a capital city.

In the old days anyone stranded on a desert stretch without water had only to shoot a pole and cut the line to bring immediate trouble. That doesn't happen so often now but it would still be a scandalous S.O.B. for men like Constable Brown if his wireless transmitter failed.

However, the usual interruptions to the line are from wild turkeys or ducks becoming caught in the wires, from storms and floods, and from indispositions with rifles who fire at the messengers.

Just before World War II a line-man named Clem Nephitt was awarded the O.B.E. for his work in re-establishing communication when the line was cut by floods between Alice Springs and Oodnadatta further south. Nephitt and other line-men

went out by camel or pack horse and worked soaked to the skin for days, replacing stretches of wire with only dropped in them by plane.

So at the Finke there is the occasional visit of a line-man, as well as the occasional kangaroo shooter stalking up from Adelaide by jeep, and sometimes a prospector or two.

Two kangaroo shooters who were indignant enough to pick up a man of patrol they found by the track on their way to Alice Springs were later tried in the Alice Springs Police Court and acquitted. The police had had them tabbed all the way after looking them up the car in the country where seven travels faster than in any capital city.

The Northern Territory policeman is hardly less romantic than the Canadian "Mountie" with the terri-

tory he has to cover and the way he, too, always puts his men. Although the status of "mounted police" was removed in 1934 there are still a number of horse stations, and at the Finke, of course, there is the camel trap of 19.

To listen to Constable Brown you would think his job was a cinch. He says that he has met wilder people at King's Cross than he has ever encountered in the Northern Territory. But you remember the story of the pigman on Bald. And you remember, too, how easy it is for a man to die of thirst in that country if just a few things go wrong and he is stranded without water. And you decide that Constable Brown and his police district of more than 100,000 square miles has up to all the troubles of any Canadian "Mountie" story you've ever heard.



men who make FACES

On the scarred remnants of human bodies, often men with steady hands are working minor miracles.



RONALD J. COOKE

MANY a man of the R.A.F. lost to mention other scars of war—men who fought in World War II will never forget another man—think-as and of modern battle—with a square, brilliant jaw and a pair of steel-framed eyes peering through bone-scarred spectacles.

He seemed like half-a-handred other men . . . except that his fingers—bent, capable, mobile—were the fingers of a born surgeon.

He was a Royal Air Force plastic surgeon, Dr. A. H. McIndoe . . . and through his hands passed not only

the scarred, fire-scorched bodies of pilots who had faced the Germans, but also the pitiful victims of the Nazi blitz on British cities.

He gave them new top lids for their second eyes, grafted fresh skin to their mutilated bodies, fought the streptomycin in separating wounds, made fresh faces from what Richard Hillary (whose he had healed) called "black-stripe" curved from high, half-a-handred minor miracles.

And all this with hands . . . some of them 250 pounds . . . bandaged about the hospital where he worked.

In his autobiography, "The Last

Escape," Richard Hillary has summed up his impressions of Dr. McIndoe's hospital. He says "It was perhaps the best hospital in England . . . and its great charm lay in that it in no way resembled a hospital . . . if anything it was like the inside of a ship . . . the waiting staff were very carefully chosen, and during the regular ticking of the clock, which took place every night, they were magnificent."

And what Dr. McIndoe achieved under these difficulties is still being continued and improved in many parts of the world.

In Canada, on the second floor of the Queen Mary Veterans' Hospital in Montreal is a floor marked Plastic Reconstruction. To most people the words may mean little. But to some 100 Canadian ex-servicemen, they stand for "Miracle."

Plastic reconstruction is the process of building eyes, ears, nose, hands and other external and internal parts for the human body. As the name implies, the principal materials used are sections of the plastic body. The various parts are so skillfully constructed that they not only have a natural appearance, but in many cases fulfil the functions of the lost member. About 90 per cent. of plastic reconstruction cases treated at the QMVH are ex-servicemen, while the other 10 per cent. are civilians who go there because it is the most advanced plastic reconstruction centre in Canada. Plastic reconstruction doesn't replace surgery but, indeed, it is used when surgical methods are not possible.

While advancements in plastic surgery by Dr. Wilfred Johnson and his associates at this Montreal hospital approach the miraculous, these men look on such results as just part of a job which requires constant experimentation.

The department for the construction

of plastic eyes and other plastic reconstructions at Queen Mary Hospital was started in October, 1945, by Dr. George M. MacDonald, an ex-adjutant to Royal reconstruction following injuries sustained by fighting men during the war.

At one time glass eyes were the vogue, but with glass came the constant danger of breakage and explosion due to temperature changes, and the eye is likely to appear artificial. At the Veterans' Hospital "Lucite" (methyl methacrylate plastic) is now used exclusively for making eyes and has proved very satisfactory. "Lucite" eyes offer a better working surface for vision than glass and thus can be given a more lifelike appearance. A "Lucite" eye is so steady it can be focused on a concrete floor without sustaining damage. An advantage of plastic is that it can be turned around a stem which is inserted into a test-tube held against the eye muscles and which allows the artificial eye to move in the same degree as the good one. Not all plastic eyes have this stem—the type of eye provided depends on the condition of the eye socket.

The bony part of the artificial eye is a plastic disc which resembles a small washer. The size of this disc corresponds to the size of the good eye. The disc is hand-colored to match the good eye by combing some of the following colors: yellow ochre, cadate blue, chrome-tan, rose, cadmate and, white-rose, black, and burnt umber. Two eyes are made for each patient. In one eye the pupil is a little larger to allow for acute deflection, so that a person glancing out in the evening can substitute the eye with the larger pupil.

Once the iris size has been chosen and the colors applied, a pupil of "Lucite" is made in a steel die and dropped into the centre of the

"Lastic" orb. A cast of plastic modeling wax is fitted into the patient's eye socket and a pattern taken. A wax shell is produced from this, and a piece of "lastic" powder and liquid poured in the mould. The eye is then baked, or "cured," in an oven. Once the eye has been formed, colour and vein lines corresponding to the patient's good eye are added. The doctors at Queen Mary Hospital have developed a new technique for making just the color condition matches perfectly.

Formerly it was necessary for the patient to sit for hours while an artist modelled the artificial eye from the patient's good one. Now a colour photograph is taken of the good eye and blown-up on a glass screen. Then the artist can follow the eye pattern easily and there is no need for the patient to pose.

Adding veins to the eye is necessary for natural appearance and red nylon threads are used for this. A short thread of the fibre is separated into strands (monofil) and the vein pattern reproduced in various diameters. (The diameter of a single vein is increased by running two or more monofil together.) A plastic solution takes the monofil into their different shapes. To reproduce the delicate capillary beds, red oil pigment is applied sparingly. Brown or yellow oil colours applied by finger tip reproduce characteristic surface pigmentation. Tiny brushing and oil points introduce other colour lines. The eye is then given a coat of clear plastic and painted. This high finish eliminates the possibility of infection.

The total working time required to make an eye is about 24 hours, extending over a two-week period. A patient makes five visits to the hospital for fitting before the eye is ready. The natural vision in the eye

socket, which are supplied by the tear ducts, are adequate to lubricate the orb.

About one-third of the patients treated by the plastic reconstruction department are eye cases. The rest of the work is given to making plastic skull plates, nasal fittings, drainage tubes and other internal parts, as well as new ears, noses and hands.

Men have always sought some method of damaging appliances to disguise bodily and facial defects, and has tried numerous materials for this purpose. In recent years parts of the human body have been made from cellulose, vulcanite, latex, and acrylic. The worst name type of flexible plastic became available during World War II and has had increasing success at the Queen Mary Victoria's Hospital as material for noses, ears, arms and other members.

Many men lost hands, arms, or had some shattered during the war, and where surgery cannot help, plastics are used with outstanding success. It is first usually necessary to find someone with an organ shaped somewhat like that lost by the patient. A cast is made from the model and a powdered plastered material poured into a warm mould. The curing process is accomplished in an electric dry oven, satisfactory curing depends on the degree rather than duration of exposure. Too much heat for too long gives the member a brownish structural appearance. After it is taken from the mould the prosthetic, or part, can be treated with stencils. Additional colouring is applied to produce the normal pigmentation. Testing to get a flesh color is done directly.

The ear or nose is kept in position on the patient with adhesive—a dermatone cement has been found

most suitable. An ear or nose can be worn satisfactorily for as long as 24 hours at a time, though patients are advised to remove the prostheses before going to bed, and to wash it every day.

Hands, too, are made from vinyl resin plastics. After finding a donor with a hand having almost identical contours and muscle positions to the patient's remaining appendage, a series of rubber casts is made. Then, on completion, the plastic hand remains every part of the donor's, from finger and indentation to knuckle wrinkles. The joint portions, when given a coat of clear plastic, have a

perfectly natural appearance. Fanned plants, enclosing a flexible core made from "Lastic" and copper wire, fill the inside of the hand. The fingers can be curled by the patient's other hand and are strong enough to carry a light suitcase. Afterwards it is a simple matter to strengthen them out. The hand is attached to the arm by metal clips which are not visible when a cast is worn.

Many a veteran who lost an eye, an arm, a nose or a hand is to-day leading a relatively normal life—and few business associates are aware of his loss.





test-tube

champions

SYDNEY GEORGE HERT



Is Australia offering enough training facilities for its sportsmen? Study these new vistas and think for yourself.

HHEAD men in the physiological department of Sydney University is an energetic, grey-haired fellow with twinkling blue eyes and contagious enthusiasm. His hobby is sport and sportsmen. He has brought swimmers to Australian sport—and Australian sport has enjoyed benefit from the bringer. Professor Frank Cotton, D.Sc., is our man.

Do you remember when, just a

decade or more ago, he introduced his rowing chronometer to Sydney town? That vital conception of pulley-weight, counter—balance, elbow axials and indicator dials, produced many an armed smile on many a weather-beaten face when the Professor explained its use. "Just a simple machine for measuring the power produced by prospective swimmers," he said. "Naturally, the res-

sured standards will indicate whether or not the subject is likely to prove suitable for rowing activity," he added. The rugged, experienced men from the watercourses grunted more broadly and nudged each other—and Frank Cotton, D.Sc., surveyed them with his spontaneous smile.

The Prof's guests pay rowing over a new well known throughout Australia—even to those who have no dealings with the sport of rhythm and oarlocks. He tested several scores of volunteers on the sliding seat of that evaporator. He jotted down the readings showing on the little dials. Then he selected a team of four. There were a pair of ex-schoolboy rowers and two men who had never pulled a shell. The crew, during its first summer—1932—won the New South Wales junior and senior rowing titles. Naturally suspense was very unusual—everyone, except Prof Cotton. He wasn't at all surprised.

His next public experiment was with the fast current boys who glide over the usually long distances of the marathon—25 miles and 33 miles of it. There was no machine involved this time. The Prof and his staff took blood samples from selected swimmers and subjected them to test "on the spot." He explained that "the changes that take place in the blood, under stress of exercise, have a deep significance in body efficiency." "For instance," he stated in an aside, "the white cells in the blood may even double in number during strenuous exercise. The circulation rate is providing a unique opportunity for observation of characteristic blood changes. We must remember that the white cells in the blood help us to combat disease."

We doubt many Australians regard the famed physiological professor as a unique type of academic personality with an unusual hobby in the field

of physical education. He now deals with world famous physiologists such as Doctors Curzon and Karlovich, of America, and Dr. Jold, of South Africa. These scientists also experiment with athletes—and to a much greater degree than our own Professor Cotton.

Mr. Harold Le Maître, Director of Physical Education at Sydney Teachers' College and University, spent four years studying physical education in America. He worked closely with Professor Curzon at Springfield, and also with Karlovich at Yale and Hains from Michigan—the most famous scientific swimming coaches in the world.

We asked "Har" Le Maître for some facts on the evolution of the sport coaching field he represents.

"Curzon submitted the 1932 Japanese and American swimmers to a battery of tests, which showed that the Americans were superior to the Japanese in height, weight, general flexibility and buoyancy. The Japanese were superior to the Americans in pure strength (leg, back, arm) and endurance. That is, stroke efficiency (i.e., style and technique) showed that there was very little, if any, difference between the two groups. Hence it appears obvious that a major factor that helped the Japanese 'bring the swimming pool' at the 1932 Olympics was their greater endurance and strength."

All of the 1932 American Olympic swimmers could sprint over a very short distance at a very great speed. They could not maintain this speed over longer distances. Likewise in Australia we have many first-class swimmers capable of swimming very short distances, e.g., 25 yards, at a very high speed, but they cannot keep this speed up even for 100 yards. If they do try and maintain this fast speed they "die away" before the

A H. answer: At the University of California, Dr. John Cockburn is typing the blood of fish just as human blood is typed for Red Cross banks. He hopes to give information that will throw light on the mystery of fish migration, and also on the way higher animals become sensitive to various changes in the course of evolution. Dr. Cockburn hopes that his blood-type patterns will eventually reveal how the tuna, salmon and swordfish will go to live.

Fish This suggests that, when a swimmer is near world class, the factor limiting any further improvement is more than likely concerned with endurance rather than whether his fingers concede this or that little embellishment.

For a number of years prior to the 1932 Olympics, Caverton had observed that champion long distance swimmers were all good divers, whereas the sprinters in general were not. He submitted the 1932 Japanese swimmers to flotation tests and found that long distance men floated on their backs with ease, whereas the middle distance men did not float so high in the water, i.e., their legs were more submerged than the former group, while the sprinters were relatively poor divers. Their legs were either deeply submerged or else they had difficulty in floating at all.

It is Dr. Caverton's thesis that distance men should not be continually expending energy in keeping themselves afloat but should be using all available energy for forward propul-

sion. With sprinters it would appear that better legs are not a handicap in this regard but are more suitable for a shorter type of effort.

We all know what good style means. It is the style that gives the greatest efficiency, i.e., the style that produces the least waste for the maximum of effort. Good style means grace of movement—the better the style the more graceful.

Viewed from many angles, evidence points to the conclusion that swimming at uniform speed is the most economical way to race. This can be demonstrated by racing rubber cars. Although human beings are not as machine-like as racing cars, the example illustrates my point. It is a well-established fact that the faster a car goes the higher is the petrol consumption in miles per gallon.

It would seem likely, also, that when two swimmers of like ability and physical make-up compete, then the one who races at uniform speed and finishes exhausted would be the winner because he has expended his energy in the most parsimonious way. I must admit that this argument is not entirely without a certain quibble, but, in the main, it appears to be very sound.

It can be shown just as readily that a swimmer doing one lap at four feet per second and the second lap at six feet per second does not average five feet per second, but less. As a matter of fact, the average is only 4.8 feet per second.

We hear of coaches producing swimmers, but very little acknowledgment is given to the swimmer's parents.

To reach world class a swimmer must be "a natural."

Of his ability to co-ordinate movements must be inherent in him.

(1) **Endurance** The swimmer must have inherited a sound heart and sound lungs.

(2) **Body build** He must have inherited a body type that is compatible with speed swimming.

(3) **Glandular make-up** He must have inherited a glandular system that helps make him a fighter and not a quitter.

These and similar characteristics are the stuff of which world class

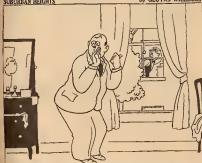
swimmers are made. Without them a swimmer, no matter how good his coach, can never hope to reach world standard . . . no matter how soon.

Physical Educators, Le Maître and his fellow sport scientists, such as Professor Frank Cotton and Forbes Corliss, at least are attempting to keep the Australian sport coach abreast of modern times.

They are representing science in sport.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By CLAYTON WILLIAMS



WHEN FRID TWEEDY, GLANCING OUT OF HIS WINDOW, SAW THAT THE NEW NEIGHBORS WHOM THEY HAD ASKED TO DINNER, WERE DRIVING UP, HE AND HIS WIFE WERE MID THEIR EVENING CLOTHES, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE NEIGHBORS HAD GOT A PECH AT TWEED, AND ARRIVED A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AFTER A LIGHTNING CHANGE IN TOWN CLOTHES.



THE LADY LOVED

A bushwanger's chance cost her husband, home — and, in the end, her very life.

AN OUTLAW

IN late April, 1881, the wild young men and women of Whangape and Gorebouna, in the Widdien Mountains, N.S.W., had a party at the wayside chalet of old Paddy O'Moally. Most were the children of ex-convicts, and most had a strong Irish strain.

Some were to figure prominently in Australian bushwanger history. Johnny O'Moally, Delany, Mann, Duncanson, Johnny Gilbert (Canadian born), and a convict named Ben Hall, to name a few. Among the women were three daughters of John Walsh, of Whangape,

Kate, wife of John McGuire; Delany, at Ben Hall, well, portland and highest-stopper of them all, Kate, married to John Brown, then a stockman on Walsh's station.

A horseman came into the lighted doorway. Three inches short of six feet, he wore long, coal-black hair on his shoulders. He was a "dark" man of the bush, and he had the devil in his eyes. He was Delany, ridden into the life of Kate.

He was Frank Clark, otherwise Christie, now Gardiner, but, always, 'The Darkie.' A gold-digger from Port Phillip (Victoria), ex-convict from Cockatoo Island, absconding convict-of-fame men from Carcross, cattle-duffer, horse thief, one-time "back-up" man (with Gilbert) when bushwangers were at an height on the Monaro Goldfields. Frank Gardiner.

His latest exploit was to sleep last night after arrest for selling stolen (cattle) in his butcher's shop at Leedings Flat Diggins. He was on the run.

A foolish possession of O'Moally's — so, on with the dance? Was it Kate that sent Kate Brown galloping in the name of the outlawed-bred?

Gardiner took to the roads with John Pansy. He was at Fog's trough on Fish River, wounded, when surrounded by Sergeant Middleton and Trooper Hume. The Darkie shot his way out and hurried back to the Widdien. He was on the run again, and he meant to see Kate Brown before he left.

He did not see her. McGuire brought him to Hall's hut. Kate was visiting her sister. Gardiner escorted her home, but it took them several hours to cover two miles. When Kate crept into bed without disturbing her sleeping husband, she slipped a love-token from Gardiner under the pillow: a heart-shaped nugget of gold that was to lead the wronged husband to find

before many weeks had passed by.

Once more Gardiner departed from the Widdien. He returned in February, 1882.

Meanwhile, the two Johnnies, Gilbert and O'Moally, had been trying their "prestige hands" at bushwanging. Derelict young men reported the experienced Gardiner as Captain, but he needed steady men for his plans. McGuire would have nothing to do with it.

There is some "argument" whether it was now or later that Ben Hall joined the gang.

While occupying his place, and constantly dodging the police, Gardiner lost no opportunity of pressing his illicit suit with Kate Brown.

On Sunday, 15th June, 1882, Gardiner, with seven others, at Euphrates Rocks, rifled the gold secret of 200,000.

So Frederick Pottinger, in charge of the police in the district, pressed the hunt for the robbers, eventually securing eight suspects. They were McGuire, Brown, co-conspirator Paddy O'Moally, a man named Treason, and Ben's brother Bill, with Ben Hall, Johnny O'Moally, and Dan Chastler (born Northern Ireland).

But not the King of the Road.

While John Brown, who had been awarded because of the heart-shaped love-token given by Gardiner to Kate languished behind the bars, The Darkie and Kate dined in the outlaw's mountain-top hide-out.

Just after dark on 16th August, eight police under Pottinger surrounded the Whangape hide-out.

It was midnight before a rider on a white stallion entered straight for the cove under which Pottinger and two police lurked. The inspector whipped up his rifle and yelled the trigger. It snuffed. He called on Gardiner to surrender, bigger than again, with the horse propping a belt

STATE OF THE NATION (XI)

Ho, the Morris Month, the gay! Down Under, lambkins leap and play!

Buildings, clear your throats and say (happily): "Coffee-coffee!"
Covert, colts, And, rubbing, hush! (Hissmurmurs!) Take a risk?
Siss-warmers, squinten up! Be break! House-flies, still more
sprightly wish!

Elephants, don't stand at ease! Zip up soon! Press down your noses
on leopards who've been hard to please! Goshawk! Pound
dogs like these are custom-built for public joy! Mother,
children! Don't be coy!

You'd have fun if you annoy your parents when you break that toy
they broke themselves to buy! So set your spirit tearing!

Permit the gossamer to try to squeak-squeak in a circle... Why,
the spider's made to ring! Shear, waxes and waxes! Praise!
and sing some roost and natty little thing on "Nanny-no"
Ding-dong!"

Ho, welcome, Morris Month so gay! Let joy abound, Arcant
dumpty!

Join in the fun! Why worry, pray, if come should seize on
Ancients' Day?

—JAY-PAY.

five yards from the mouth of the rifle. Once more the gun roared. Two slugs from the order's revolver whined past Pettigrew's ear, as the horse whirled and jumped to the gun.

The infuriated inspector went to the hospital, where he arrived seven-and-a-half-year-old "Warrigal" Welsh, Kate's brother, on suspicion of being a "back telegraph" of the outlaw. He was, and one of the best.

But Goddard had not come far. After the police had taken "Warrigal," he returned to Kate. At Ben Hall's house they made plans to elope. They started that night and crossed the Queensland border a week later. An Mr. and Mrs. Frank Christie, they opened a wayside inn at Alpha Creek, west from Rockhampton.

Two gaily men, Ben Hall and Johnny O'Malley, were discharged at Rockhampton. Some of the witnesses had been freed earlier, but McQuinn stood trial twice for his life in Sydney.

After the first trial for the money robbery, a reward of one thousand pounds was offered for Gardiner, but the police could not have named him. He was preparing on business, and he was happy and contented with Kate. On the journey through Queensland, they had met a couple named Craig. In partnership, Craig ran the hotel, Goddard a store.

But the wheel of destiny was turning. Warning for news of home, Kate had a letter sent to Taylor and, in drink, Taylor dropped hints that came to the ears of Detective Mc-Glone.

On March 2, 1864, McGlone knew that Christie was his man. He approached him in front of the store. It was a short, vicious struggle, but the detectives clapped on the cuffs.

Gardiner's trial costed a sensation. He was not charged with the Sydney secret robbery, but with wounding

with intent to murder Middleton at Fogg's hangar. The verdict was "Not guilty."

The Crown now asked two charges out of that same fight-shooting with intent to murder Ross, and with intent to do grievous bodily harm. There were two other armed robbery charges. The intent-to-kill charge failed, but he was found guilty on the other three counts. The sentences were consecutive—22 years had later, the first two in iron.

Gardiner was removed after eight years, subject to parole. He was shipped to Hong Kong, and from there, went to San Francisco, where he opened a saloon.

He married and became the father of two sons. Hancock has it that he was shot dead in Colorado during a poker game in 1883.

But what of Kate Brown, the pretty, flighty, and misbegotten young wife of the mountaineer?

Paroled, with all hope gone, Kate returned to the west, where she lived with Taylor and her sister, Bridget. She met, Dick Taylor, a "drunken, quarrelsome blackguard," and with him went to the Hokitika goldfield in New Zealand, lived there in a tent for a few months and then shot herself.

The verdict was suicide!



WAS KINSEY REALLY THE FIRST?

The Master Kinsey burst boldly into the best-selling class but what of the less, maligned ghost who stood at his elbow?

MARGARET CLARKE



EVER since Dr. Alfred Kinsey exploded into the public scene with his report on the "Sexual Behavior of the Human Male" (and was loudly launched to the crowded lists of National Education), the massed armies of the populace have been engaged in sustaining furiously one of our best and most respected of the most libelous of suspicions. And—to make matters more exciting—those females who have been recklessly persuaded to study the topic have immediately returned absorbed interest, kitchily provoked their claws . . . and prepared to scratch.

Indeed, the sensation has been

somewhat similar to what Hollywood—in a mood of modest understatement—might term "suspicious". And the plaintiffs have not been confined exclusively to the lady; various agencies have also showed every sign of being their speech to have such fresh water opened to them.

But were the waters really so fresh? Has an entirely new light been thrown human beings?

In short, was Dr. Kinsey really the first to make a scientific survey of the more erotic sexual goings-on of his contemporaries?

I am, of course, always open to

contradiction, but I should like here to be recorded as voting "No."

Admittedly, when Dr. Kinsey began his research, he was treated with all the reverence and aplomb of a new comet that has suddenly dashed into human lore. Amid stridors of pleasant revelation, he bounded into the best-selling class. Run with what justification? Was Dr. Kinsey such an early pioneer as he was hailed? Consider.

Less than two centuries ago, another author armed a series of volumes on such the same theme as Dr. Kinsey. And what happened? Such being the capacity for change in man and manners, this literary inventor—far from being hailed—had his books banned and burned, while he himself was jailed again and again, and even twice sentenced to death.

Only in recent years, after a fresh study of his maligned works, has at least one English critic gone so far as to proclaim that this alleged degenerate was "savagely in earnest" "perhaps the first sexual psychologist" . . . in other words, a Dr. Kinsey born in advance of his time.

He was—and is—known as the "unknown" Marquis de Sade . . . and modern psychologists may not find even his childhood unimportant.

De Sade's parents—according to the customs of the country and the times—were disposed not to spare the rod for fear of spoiling the child.

But his grandfather adored him to significant point.

He was only 14 when he fought in the Seven Years' War and, at 18, he married a plain (but wealthy) peasant. Hence de Montbret—though he was paying more attention to her much more eye-worshiping younger sister.

It does not seem, however, that

marriage was de Sade's first experiment in sex or that, after marriage, he confined his investigation to his spouse. Though the reasons are obscure de Sade was not long well when he was sentenced to his first goal term. His parents managed somehow to hide this skeleton in the family cupboard and there was no public scandal, but de Sade . . . probably not yet sure enough of himself to realize why he had done what he had done . . . suffered a change of heart. On his release, he weakened sufficiently to write to the Governor of the goal admitting "terrible guilt."

Still, there were no grave complications until in 1785 the "Waller Scandal" burst over Paris. This is what occurred: De Sade was 34, handsome, charming, socially popular and a father. Now Waller was a young widow.

One day, Rose suddenly raced to the Marquis (whom she admitted she found very attractive) had taken her to his house, strangled her, whipped her with a leather thong, rubbed her down with an ointment, put her to bed . . . and left her alone. She told police that such contact "frightened her so badly that she had knotted her sheets together and escaped by the window."

The Marquis was arrested and charged with assault.

The trial caused a sensation. Police Inspector Mareil vividly determined that this life-minded young aristocrat should be treated as such.

However, the Marquis met a death on Court, with much sympathy and caused not a little movement.

Only Inspector Mareil did not find a funny when de Sade pleaded that, far from having acted criminally, he had proved himself a public benefactor—had he not shown the efficacy of the chastity he had prepared?

OUR Office Gail Glend reports that he once actually did join a Golf Club. But, after trying hard for weeks to master the game, he was forced to the conclusion that golf was not his cup-of-tea. This dawning on him was dry when, conversing a hunkie like a hellbender, he pressed to remark pleasantly to his audience "Ferry pears, well, isn't it?" The caddy gazed wistfully towards the clubhouse hole. "Didn't mean to be," he advised blankly.

Why Rose Keller was not able to prod us even the smallest brulee or switch to bear out her story!

The Court attended, the judge listened. The sovereign plea was ruled out of order and the Marquis was ordered to pay compensation to la Keller—what, it may be said, used the money as a dowry and remained a month later.

For the next two years, the de Sade lived an apparently normal life. Marie had another child. Then, suddenly, the usual rumors began to ripple in widening circles.

The lid blew off. In 1776 de Sade and a handsome young valet were arrested in Marseilles and charged with poisoning and a variety of other sexual offenses.

The charges were laid after those street-girls had been taken to. Evidence produced in Court related a Marseilles porcherment with (stuffed) with nettles and some drugged confectionery.

The girls recovered, but the Marquis was tried by an unsympathetic Court presided over by a gloomy

Judge, with Marie upon giving evidence.

The fact that the girls (who were embarrassed with de Sade) begged that the whole thing should be called off, made no difference.

De Sade was sentenced to death. Now in his early thirties, de Sade had no wish to die. He thought hard and acted fast. . . . When the warden opened his cell to prepare him for the scaffold, there was only a chimney in the hall.

De Sade was on his way to Italy accompanied by his lovely young sister-in-law, Louise. (And, in contemplation of this, it may be remembered that he would have preferred to marry Louise rather than Marie if he had had a free choice nine years before.)

Which is where his fantastic mother-in-law, Madame de Montreuil, began to loose unpleasantly.

There is no evidence to support the theory that she was in love with her son-in-law and that he rebelled her advances; but her malignant behavior lends some color to the belief. Or perhaps she was just an embittered and frustrated old woman.

At all events, when Louise ran off with de Sade, Marie de Montreuil was bound herself to see men whom so many women admired must be put beyond the reach of all women.

The simple and obvious thing would have been to have had him brought back to France—and to the one whom had been shipwrecked for him.

But that would damage an old and noble family. There were more subtle ways.

Before the French Revolution, there existed in France a means by which well-placed persons might have embarrassing relatives or irritating friends imprisoned indefinitely and without trial. Marie de Montreuil resorted to this means; she obtained a

"lettre de cachet"—an order for arrest signed as blank by the King.

She then managed to entice her son-in-law back to France. He was immediately *laughed* into prison.

If it had not been for the devoted Marie, it is hard to believe that de Sade would have survived. Certainly he would never have written all the books that may yet breed him belated laureates.

Marie pulled strings until he was removed from his fatal dungeon into a less noxious cell. She saw that he was provided with books, pens, paper and ink.

In the solitude of his prison . . . de Sade was thinking, writing and shaping his philosophy.

This philosophy became the kernel of the novels, short stories, plays and even he wrote during the next 15 years.

His writings reveal a thinker with a passionate sense of justice, a deep love of humanity. We find him advocating the abolition of capital punishment, complete freedom for women and their equality with men in all phases of life, a more equitable distribution of wealth . . . and most of the modern studies of economic enlightenment.

In the meantime, the French revolution had broken out and, in 1793, the new rulers of France released the "lettre de cachet" prisoner. De Sade staggered out of jail . . . to start his life again.

But more jail, another death sentence, his most monstrous writings and a lunatic asylum still lay between de Sade and the grave.

His first trouble was political. He endorsed the French Revolution when he was out of jail in 1793. But though he believed in Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, he hated bloodshed. When the Terror was let

loose to bite the necks of the aristocracy, he protested. He was arrested for "moderation" and groined. The date for his execution was once more fixed. Only the death of Robespierre and the end of the Terror saved him.

Constantine was waiting for him at home. There, cared for by her, he wrote the two books which were to make him more "enduring."

They were "La Philosophie dans le Boudoir" and "The New Justine." Napoleon Bonaparte immediately ordered all copies to be confiscated and burned . . . and, for punishment afterwards, men named horse-drawers bands in public and read the books in secret.

De Sade, of course, did not approach his subject with such scientific impersonality as Dr. Kinsey did, but there is little if anything in his books which Kinsey did not also reveal.

Perhaps if de Sade had used more illustrations and statistics and fewer blow-for-blow descriptions, his works might have been accepted. But he paid the penalty of being too graphic and was more locked in a cell.

After two more years in jail, de Sade was sent to a lunatic asylum—Napoleon's favorite way of dealing with men who embarrassed him. But de Sade the scientist could not be repressed, next thing he is being almost readers' accomplices therapeutic methods to treat his fellow lunatics.

Some years after his death in 1814, the monks of St. Ollivier in Switzerland, dug up his body to examine it. Their physiological reported that the man showed much tenderness and love for humanity.

So there you have it. Was de Sade really so "inhuman" and was Kinsey really the first to say it?

THE END OF

Arguments



What is meant by "A Man's Market"?

None, patience . . . patience . . .
poppers! There is absolutely no need for panic. "A Man's Market" is not an action tale of prospective inhabitants of horrors. It seems, as a matter of fact, to have been An Old Belgian Custom. According to the record, in pre-war Belgium all housewives seeking jobs and all restaurants seeking housewives used to meet annually on November 1 in the main square of Sofia, the Belgian capital. There, employment agreements were made—each agreement being binding for one year. In this way, both housewife and housewife could look forward to twelve months of security. BUT—housewife-hungry housewives of Australia will kindly avert their eyes from local F & V. Markets; there's enough trouble there already.

What Are "Barnal Gases"?

Salsade . . . salsade, you amiable struts! "Barnal Gases" are not the latest Top-Secret Weapons. Gas-morpholoids (barnalists who try to explain why the globe takes when it bulges, to give) assure us that these "Barnal Gases" are "mysterious sounds that emanate from the north." Though we have never heard one, we understand that they must frequently come "on or near large bodies of water" and that they "sound like distant cannon." They are named after the town of Barnal (Ghast), where they were first reported.

Who (or What) Were "The Milkster"?

Well, (It's a sad story. "The Milkster" was a congregation of unscrupulous citizens who gathered around one William Miller, a prophet of New York State. Master Miller declared to his followers the dispiriting fact that the Last Judgment was fixed for October 24, 1943. No less than 10,000 hapless barnalists believed him. They sold their businesses, notified their affairs and, on the morning of the due day, donned white "milkster robes" and climbed to hill-tops to await the Last Trumpet. Twenty-four hours later—when no Trumpet had been heard nor even a single funeral note—they climbed down again from the hill-tops . . . to beg goods from what had been their own stores. Master Miller, himself, confessed to an unfortunate mistake in his calculations and offered a fresh set of dates. There were no takers.

What is the Strictest Lethal Dose of Asplene?

Apparently, it all depends on you. Experts agree that approximately ninety tablets (500 grains) are about as much as any normal stomach can stand. But a United States citizen, recently attempted to cure a headache, dosed himself with 24 tablets, and died within three hours. Which was the obvious one for another world-to-attempt to gulp down 500 tablets . . . without noticeable result except a slight tendency to belch.

Another Knows BEST



Mother always knows best. They used to tell us when we were too young and hapless to defend ourselves . . . but at this late time of darkness in any situation, mother certainly does . . . especially if she happens to be a real behind-the-scenes Mother of Movie-Business . . . so call a loved study about a "word rule mistress" . . . one of those great unobscured people who can produce such bewitching results as this for Marlene Dietrich's "Diamond Horseshoe" in Hollywood.



Among a score or so of exotic girls, she is the girls' confident adviser and adviser. She'll settle their scraps for them. . . . see her in action up above . . . and she'll even coax them into *How-To-Outfit-All-High-Heels*, which no million on this earth could persuade them into wearing. Meet her then Apple Ferguson (twenty years a wardrobe mistress and once dancing queen of Europe). And her beloved Jeanne Wiley and Anne Cameron . . . with—



Estelle Gargson coming up . . . and undoubtedly one of the masterpieces of Apple Ferguson's eye for colour, charm, and—yes—telling and—down. No wonder the *Movie News* talks 'em in . . . even into the skies . . . and even more understandable that Apple's chosen as *Key-Woman* *Outgoing* *At*

PHILATELISTS CAN BE FADDY

Being a short devotee on the Art of Stamp Collecting, and a few salubrious warnings on where the obsession may lead you.



ALLEN RAY

THEY say that you don't have to be crazy to collect postage stamps . . . but it helps that the same.

Some years ago a Berlin philatelist left instructions on his death for the word "Philatelist" to be inscribed on the headstone of his grave, along with the picture of the famous Cape South African transgale stamp.

The wording "Thou Has Entered Ours the Sign of the Good Hope" was also included.

Then there was the Italian who, in 1885, entered a Cape Hospital for treatment. His entire body from toe to collarbone was found to be tattooed

with exact reproductions in detail and colour of some of the most interesting of world stamp issues!

The walls of the shop established in 1892 by Mr. Schindler, a stamp dealer of Melbourne, are papers with no less than one million stamps, the cynosure of posterity eyes.

A Sydney stamp dealer for many years incorporated a "stamp" picture of a Japanese maiden in a kimono, drawn by a child, beneath the glass counter of his shop. The picture was composed of dozens of pieces of coloured stamps pasted together.

There's also a Sydney collector who has in his possession a writing desk

made in 1880, stamped inside and out with 1,600 stamps.

A few years ago, to publicise an issue of United States stamps, the Phoenix (Arizona) Chamber of Commerce selected a young girl as its official "Stamp Sweetheart." She was dressed in a two-piece bathing costume wholly adorned with reproductions of the particular issue.

In 1894 a Queensland stamp dealer produced a badge for collectors. It bore the inscription "Stamp Collectors—The Right of Kings: King of Hobbies".

The word "Philatelist" figured in the centre, with a map of the world, reproduction of the famous 1892 "Fenny Black" and two heads closed in greeting.

The badge sold at 2/-, 1/- of which went to a Fund for British Funds.

In Britain a woman who likes to give pleasure to her stamp-collecting friends has been making very suitable gifts at Christmas of "stamped" pillows, screens, tea and co. On these she has carefully fastened in detail reproductions of some of the most interesting stamps, from various lands.

Also in Switzerland, there is a philatelist who makes his living painting pictures—using only pieces of stamps for the process. He outlines his subject, portrait, or landscape onto a canvas with pencil and stamps, pastes pieces of colorful stamps on to it.

His own collection numbers, glassed, magnifying glass and telescope. He acquires two to three paintings a week and derives a comfortable living from his self-appointed profession.

An American woman collector attended a house show hall on one occasion wearing a garment decorated with 8,000 different stamps. She carefully pasted them on to a muslin

foundation, forming unique patterns. The cuffs clasped foreign marks, while the Skies and Skies flag on the back of the costume was made up of American issues. "Revenue" stamps made up her neck and feet.

Then, in 1893 an Englishman (his friends) commenced to wallpaper his library with stamps. Using 8,382 stamps he finished papering the room 12 feet by 12 feet in three months, working 11 hours a day.

Still another eccentric collector of stamps used 1,000,000 stamps to completely adorn the walls, ceiling, chairs, tables of his house. The specimens were valued at the time at \$25,000, and it took 55 years for the entire home to be decorated.

In the house the collector also covered his magnifying by making portraits of Queen Victoria, the Queen Jack, and the Eiffel Tower.

Originally he started pasting up the stamps as a joke . . . finished it in 1896 . . . almost a job of a lifetime.

Before the war a wife in Paris located an interesting collection of French stamps beneath the glass top of his table. Vastures never tired of watching the wife, especially philatelists.

A New Zealand collector doesn't waste his torn stamps. He pastes them onto the cover of his latest stamp albums and frames appropriate designs with them. He has protected them against wear and tear by varnishing.

Other collectors have made their own Christmas cards, using stamps as backgrounds for designing. Selected specimens have been pasted onto a piece of fabric and the front of which has been cut into some funny shape.

So go in it, you philatelists. Give the Post Office of the world a heart throb.

Crime Capsules



CANINE CARUSOS . . .

U.S. open singer, Violet Corcoran, has lately filed a damage suit against her next-door neighbor Clara La Corcoran. "Whenever I start to practice my singing, my neighbor's barking dog and special promptly start off . . . and off here. I have had to give up my singing career and am under medical attention." Asked for her version, the defendant Mrs. Nellie Opalsky retorted tersely: "She has cats."

UNDER THE CUSH . . .

Give a woman an inch, and she wants to be a ruler. In which, so-called Customs officials of Southampton (England) will be only too happy to agree. Recently, the (young) lady in question was examining a suite of furniture which a north-looking merchant was bringing from the United States to Britain. Some curious microscopes amongst the Customs men bent to examine the upholstery . . . and probably made the notes which are carelessly jotted "Tab! Tab!" Proudly he pointed out to his colleagues that, though the furniture was not new, the seats in the upholstery were . . . in fact, they were suspiciously slushy. The intense sleuth extracted a few seeds, fingered deli-

ciously underneath—and out came a pair of nylons. Several more made revealed several more pairs of nylons. By the time the whole suite had been dismantled, the Customs had 13,000 unravelled pairs of the spread lady's nylons at \$20,000 on their hands (to be frank).

CITIZEN COME . . .

See how it is? Nothing sacred nowadays . . . not even mechanical. In 1880 it was believed abroad in France that the latest Citroen model had an engine which would put all rival makes out in the cold. A gang of car thieves were immediately struck by inspiration. All they needed, they opened, was the secret of the motor. Once they had that, hide from rival firms would be unnecessary. No sooner planned than performed. The gang learned the road where the new Citroen was being put through hush-hush trials. One early morning they had on either side of the road, rushed out, hid the car, climbed the crowd with, and boldly let the covered engine out of the show. Here, however, something seems to have gone wrong. For obscure reasons, the secret is still un-revealed . . . rather by the Citroen people or anyone else.





LIFE HAD LEFT HIM ONLY HER
AND THE SCARS OF HIS BATTLING

D'ARCY NIELAND • FICTION

BEYOND THE BELL

THAT'S what they thought, anyway. They picked him up and put him in. A woman came along there five hours later, white-faced and without her hat; and the surgeon brought him out, took her hat away, and said "He's all yours, missus."

He watched the woman take the man's arm and lead him gently away.

"Frankie, didn't you tell them?" she protested tenderly as they walked along the street.

He shook his head.

"Why not?"



The best kept secret, his eyes bright and, going in for the kill, picked off the haplessly hurt man.

He didn't answer. He guessed something tricky, but it wasn't an answer.

"You should have, Frankie."

He shot the words suddenly, abruptly: "You think they'd believe me?"

"Didn't they know you, though?" she persisted. "Who you were?"

"I don't know, I don't know," he said, nervously, weakly. "What difference does it make?"

She told him softly, quickly, that it was all right. But the unknown of it hurt her. He was so drunk. What-

ever else he was, he was not that.

She wondered what he'd been doing: Nothing—nothing more than stumbling along, maybe, with that guilt he couldn't help. On sitting on the curb with his head in his hands, like the last time she found him lost in the jungle of his thoughts, and the thoughts breaking in tortured sound from his lips, loud and fierce, and himself unaware of it.

"Where are we going now?" he said.

"Home."

"Home?" He spun the word bitterly.

THE RED LIGHT

She was only a traffic cop's daughter, and, before she went out at night, she had learned all her Papa could tell her about heading the wrong lights. But at last, a well in a roadster made her heart go chuff-chuff-chuffing she couldn't help making her signs and soon she was stopping at nothing.

—JAY-PAY.

"You must be hungry." She learned out the words. "I've got a nice tea for you, and there's some of that favorite—"

She held her arm tightly, looking up at his voice then as they passed into the light. Thirty years of age carrying a face of forty, as though someone had filled him with a snake. She shivered to remember a photograph of him as he had been.

The fog was coming down early, breathing out of the darkness like a wet, cold snake, slowly weaving the lights. The footpath glimmered and echoed their footfalls. A match flared in a doorway, picking out the corner-map of a face, and died behind the ruby dot of a cigarette.

A man sitting in front of them, and cried out. "Ah, see you found him all right, Grace. Where is and?"

"Yes."

"I thought it was Frankie I saw. How are you, son."

"Never better, Joe," Frankie said grimly.

"That's the stuff. Say, Grace, I'd

like to walk along with you, but I've got a meet on in a few minutes." "That's all right, thanks, Joe," she said.

"I'll pop around Sunday night for a pint, if that's okay. You be in, Frankie?"

Frankie nodded. "Be glad to see you, Joe."

They went on, and Joe looked after them and his smiling face was closed up. He kept looking after them, hearing them even out of sight. He knew Grace ten years ago when she was 15. He'd introduced Frankie to her. Kitchener Joe, Cupid McCurdy, he reflected sadly. God, who in hell did it have to be him-looking it tough for her, making it tough for Frankie, because he loved himself for what he was to Grace.

"He said Sunday night he'd be around," Frankie pointed out. "That's right, dear."

"I won't be home Sunday night," Frankie said. "I don't want any talk. He always starts dragging it up."

"It's only because he thinks you like to talk about it," she soothed him.

"Well, I don't!"

"No."

"I don't like it, son."

"Well, he won't come, darling. He never does, does he? Not lately?"

She knew Joe understood.

They turned, and walked on in silence down the narrow, dim street. The lights were only a hole here and there in the darkness. Frankie looked out like snagged teeth. There was a shop on a corner, glowing, like a house, a second business, jolly, crammed with goods, run by a job of a woman with a pile of dyed, yellowish-grey hair and a pearl stick in it.

Grace veered slightly, piloting

Frankie towards it. She felt the sentence jolt in her arm.

"I want to get some roses for the baby, dear," she explained. "I've not going in there." He stopped and walked away from her.

She looked anxiously at him. "I won't take a minute."

"It won't."

She hesitated, unsure whether or not to leave him. Then she saw he turned her without, and she smiled. "All right," she said lightly, but the look of anxiety came back on her face when she turned into the shop.

There were three people there. Grace would have to wait but then Frankie drifted on a little way down the street. He stood waiting on the curb, looking across the road. The row of tenements stared back, their windows blind and grey as eyes.

A hat in a tight coat, a cocky hat, and swinging jaunty shoulders approached with a splash of a note.

The hat tapped Frankie on the shoulder. "Well, if it isn't the charming Mrs. Trevel!"

"I don't know you," Frankie said.

"Sure you do. We and you used to be sporting partners, remember? You was a terror for showing me things, remember?" Say, what's the job behind you?"

Frankie turned his head, and the hat hit him suddenly behind the ear. Frankie shrank. He faced up, smiling, his hands jerking mechanically. "Show us how you can stop this one, champ."

A blow landed behind his eyes.

The hat laughed, his eyes bright, and jerked off the brimless hat. "And this one," he suggested, upturning Frankie. Frankie fell and rolled over on his side, moaning slightly.

The hat stood there, talking big, and his sneaky nose poked in all-

direction. And they only started running when Frankie's wife came from the shop and saw him lying there and cried out. Two others came pelting from the shop, and a woman from across the road hurried up.

Grace put her hand under Frankie's head, cushioning it. The blood was seeping through the bit of fish under his eyes as though sponge rubber. There was a dead darkness in his eyes, staring also.

None of the bystanders moved. The women who ran the shop said to another in a hoarse whisper. "These badgers—great eyes they're on to now, ain't it?" Knocking him down just as they use to do they beat the ex-champers. Better care—somebody ought to take to 'em with a whip."

"They helped Frankie to get up when they saw Grace helping him. Frankie shook himself away, staggered against the door, hung on, head down, groggy."

Grace stood near him, unable to see anything, waiting. She touched his arm. His head jerked up suddenly, wildly, and he said: "What are you doing, you fool. Get away!"

His hand only tightened on his arm. They were silent, those looking.

"Look at you," Frankie said. "Look at you, like a dog with me. Don't you see what I am?" Get away. Walk off now and don't come back. Go while the gang's good."

"Don't talk like that, darling." The pressure tightened on his arm. "Come on."

He was saying something, choking on the words. She led him away.

The street was deserted except for them and she could see it filled with them that used to fill his life.

Frankie was crying, with a subdued harshness. She held his arm, and stared happily at the darkness ahead. There was nothing else she could do.

The Ghost and Mick

ATHOL YEGMANS • FICTION

THERE HAD SEEMED NO SENSE IN WHAT THE DRIVE
WAS SAYING, BUT PERHAPS HE SHOULD HAVE HEEDED.

THOMAS ALPHONSE MALLOY—
known to some of his friends
and all of his enemies as The Mick
—was making a clean getaway.

To a chance observer on the Even-
ing West this might not have been as
obvious. The Mick was sitting quietly
in a first-class compartment staring
boredly out of the window while
the train plowed through the winter
night.

The Sunday papers wouldn't have
called it a clean getaway either, be-
cause Mick was no imagination-stir-
ring criminal. No confidence swags or
payroll robberies for him. He was a
coter of drunks, a smutcher of bugs,
a bather of old men, and (when it
suited him) a coney on well.

Still, everything had been going
nicely for him—well even enough to
buy plenty of share-owning dogs
suits and the more sort of girl friends
—until last night, when his practiced

bludge had put a woman in the
carriage.

"Woman Blam!" screamed the mar-
ine paper, "Robbery Not Motive."
You don't say so, bitterly reflected
The Mick, who had contemptuously
left the handful of loose change in the
strapped figure's bag.

"Police still searching for clues,"
went on the sheet. Mick didn't have
much confidence in the papers, and
he knew it wouldn't be long before
the cops started the routine pick-
ups. A short stay in the country was
The Mick's heart's desire at present.

His hideout was a shack half lost
in the scrub on top of the mountains,
some 50 miles ahead. Marge was there
already. He'd had time to see to
that—after all, she was his girl, and
he was a believer in making con-
fidence. Marge hadn't liked going, but
he had insisted. . . . He had had his
reasons.

— 25



The girl was wearing out of
him; than his first nervous
juggled, and he glimpsed it.

CAUTION FOR CLURMEN: We want to announce that "The Quary Club" of London has collapsed. The principal rule of the club demanded that a fine should be paid by any member who asked a question which he was unable to answer himself. The club prepared until the Secretary himself was impelled to ask a question. "Why doesn't a special train any day round a hole when he dies it," he queried. Members begged him to answer his own question. "Engel! Because the spiritual starts from the bottom and dies up," replied the Secretary. "And very nice," suggested the laughter members. "But how does the spiritual get the bottom?" "That," responded the Secretary, "is your question."

Marge was a woman, and most women would snap easily enough under a little pressure. With her out of circulation for a while, he'd see she had no opportunity to snap about him.

So Marge had packed and gone, as he had told her.

Mick had been skimming his own concern as he took his seat in the well-lighted first-class compartment of the midnight train.

Then suddenly he had had his doubts. There was a drunk — a very drunk drunk, who wanted to talk. He had talked at The Mick over since they had rumbled through the foggy lights of Madison Yard Square, thought Mick, haven't I got enough on me now without this phib?

"Of course, there's ghosts," said the drunk out of nowhere.

"Eh?" said The Mick, his interest suddenly poked.

The drunk leaned forward and tapped his finger on Mick's knee, bringing him unprepared, nondescript face nearer his as he spoke. He nodded his head. "Of course," he continued unapologetically. "Teeh puh what I've been saying. I know one myself."

Grass of mine, where a You know the big hill on top of the monument?"

Mick nodded.

"Well, you know the old cutting up there the trains don't go through any more?"

Mick dropped his cigarette and grooved on the floor for it. Ever, ever, he wasn't the only drunk as there were, he worried himself. "Never heard of it apart," he muttered, sitting back in his seat.

"They gather phob phob," said the other. He leaned back with a smug leer.

Mick looked at him. The drunk's head, he thought. "What sort of a ghost?"

"It's like that, see. They old cutting used to be part of the main railway line. A few years back they dug out another way round on the other side of the hill, about half a mile away. Longer but not such a steep grade, they reckon. You can't even see the old way up from the new now."

"But they put a ghost, all right—ghosts of an engine and crew. They came was running back to the sheds from the top one night — just the loco by itself, see. engine by

itself. Pilot engine, they call them — help the train up the steep grades and run back again. Anyway, the loco went over a 80 foot drop on the old cutting round the hill . . . made a half of a mile. Killed the driver and fireman, tore down some of the track, shot fire to all the gears. They had crawling into it, but they never found a reason for it. The tracks were all okay, and they couldn't find anything wrong with the engine itself, should it ever."

"Couldn't even find anything around that might have been put on the loco to trip it over. Finished up a real mystery, it did."

"Well, the engine still runs every Steam up, headlights on, the lot. When it gets near the main line it goes over the edge, just like before." He stopped and shook his head in a puzzled way.

"What happened to it?"

The drunk leaned at him, disappointed. "It vanished, at night. All ghosts vanish." He peered out through the glass. "I got out here. See you some more?" He bowed his case down the rack.

Mick looked out. They were rumbling down into the last station before the hills. He sighed at he saw his turn-of-mind shamble across the platform to the exit doors. Ghosts, good help us, and right in our own backyard. He glanced suddenly, for his drunk was just near the old engine. He could see the old arrangement across the gallery from his back door, but he'd never been near it.

The train rolled across the bridge and over the plain water of the river he could see the line of mountains standing dark against the skyline. To The Mick they looked friendly and primitive.

Marge flattened the plates together and took them over to the sink. With slowly compressed lips she heaped them through the washing up. Getting cracked with him, was he. Well, he would go and jump in the lake . . . with a block of cement around his feet, for all she cared. She hadn't liked leaving town, but The Mick wasn't stinky with his dough. It seemed worth her while . . . until she arrived at the bar, safely shadowed without hot water . . . or any entertainment . . . not even a call.

She jangled the last cup onto the cupboard and tore open a packet of cigarettes. Lightening one, she watched The Mick, still sitting motionless at the table where he had eaten.

He had come in jumpy and tired and given her a tongue lashing. As usual, she had refused and threatened to leave him. But The Mick—she as usual—had grunted easily and invited her to try. There was something in his look that persuaded her she didn't want to walk out.

Still, just because he's in single there's no need to come in and go crack at me, she thought. I did him a favour coming up here.

The Mick stared at the table. He'd got out of the train a stop or two before his own and caught the bar. It wasn't much of a find, but it was something. It left him with a long walk, and by the time he knocked on the door of the shack he was just about played out.

He got up and walked over to a chair by the fire, lifting down a bottle of gin from the mantelpiece. The girl sat down with the paper he had handed with him. A couple of drinks . . . yes, that's what he needed. He splashed out half a tumbler of neat gin. But it was no use. Half an hour later the bottle was half empty and The Mick felt worse than ever. The Mick felt his confidence ebbing.

with the gun in the bottle. Sooner I got out of this hole the better, he thought wistfully. He rose and pushed out a piece of wood from the hole, throwing it on to the fire with a crash.

Marge sniffed. He'd got 30 years say if they caught him. Twenty years. A lifetime. She almost wished they did.

"Get out of the light, will ya?" she grumbled.

"An' shut up!"

She looked at him, eyebrows slanting over her face. "Jest, you crack up, say."

The Mick's chair toppled as he leaped to his feet across the floor with his fist. She was sobbing as he clumped across the floor of the shack and slammed the door behind him. Outside, it was cold and clear, with the frost stars twinkling in the dark sky.

Around the gully he would see the old embankment, running around the

hill onto a forest starting path of cutting at the far end. Suddenly, the drunk's story flashed across his mind, in spite of his depression. The Mick's face twisted in a grin. Ghosts, he purred. Only ghosts that Mike'll ever see would be out of a bottle. I might go across there and back just for the walk. . . . Get out of the place for a while. Might make me feel better.

There wasn't much light, but enough from the stars to see by. He struck off down the hill, staggering with the effects of the gun but soon catching the bottom of the slope. He could see practically nothing now, and was glad when he clanked out of the heavy trees and started up the hill towards the old line.

It took him ten minutes to clamber up the steep grade to the embankment. He looked back across the blackness, but the trees had the light from the shack. He turned and looked at the dark side of the bank rearing out into the sky above his head.

He heaved himself to the top, peering up. He slumped. When his head and shoulders were above the level, he stopped. To his left, he could see faintly the black gloom of the cutting. The other way the bank curved round the hill and vanished.

He stood still and waited for his breath to come back. A freight train, away over the hill on the same line, making its way up with a long rhythmic hammering made him feel suddenly alone. He shivered . . . and wasn't quite sure why.

A faint whisp of wind rustled through the weeds. The old cutting, silent and alone, seemed to be waiting for something to happen. The Mick wished he was well out of it. The gun was wearing out of him now he turned to go.

Again he wanted to see the drunk, sitting cozily on his stool, his speckled face glowing in the comforting light of the carriage. He heard the creaky, untidy voice telling of the

train that had no men and used no coal—(or) which still ran down the overgrown track in front of him.

The Mick tried to grin, but somehow his face wouldn't do it. He shrugged instead. Was the hell was he anyway, an old woman, letting that girl's yarn get on his nerves. Something rustled through the grass. He wanted to hear his last nerve jump like snapping cords.

Then he saw it . . . coming around the corner. Near as the dim light there was no mistaking that balling apart shape, festooned with tatters of stars.

It was a railway engine.

Louise lit and her pump lighting, it rolled around the bend towards him. Mick's startled gaze watched it lean longer, but it took on no more definite shape . . . a wraith, a fear of the night, never shifting from its course. Faced where he stood, he watched it for an eternity, watched it bearing down on him, growing



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT

HEARTFUL MISTAKES

How often must I hide my shame,

When meeting some bright guy—

Of whom I can't recall the name,

No matter how I try.

He seems to know me very well,

His face does look familiar,

He says "Did boy, you're looking swell!"

Which makes me feel still siller.

Tot on occasion, are we part

I still tend quite a brother.

He calls me "DOC" — my name is "ART."

He doesn't know me either.

That celebrated poet ALICE in a quandary.

larger . . . larger . . . its blackness cutting out more and more of the sky behind it.

"Ghosts" gasped the Mick hysterically. He forced himself up on to the level, stepped forward, tripped and fell. He was half on his knees when it hit him.

+ + +

In the station street room the doctor packed his black bag. In the yard outside the ambulance men stowed away the undrained body of Thomas Allyn Hall; sent to them the local newspaper started the motor of

his truck, taking home two other passengers.

The night officer stood watching the doctor.

He looked up from his bag at the railway man. "Made a mess of him, didn't it? I wonder . . ."

His words were lost as a train pounded by up the road outside, averaging the room with sound and setting the instruments in his face. The night officer pushed the telegraph, twiddled home the long signal screen and wrote in his book as the last carriage rumbled into quarters.

The doctor put on his coat, picked up his bag, and opened the door. The light fell across the platform and shone on the ambulance as it rolled out of the yard. He turned back. "You'd think he'd hear it coming wouldn't you?"

The night officer shook his head. "You'd be surprised. These pilot buses rolling downhill hardly make a sound. Every week you hear of families nearly being shocked. Different thing to pulling a load up a hill."

"The driver said he hit him on the old knee, didn't he?"

"That's right. Must have been going home from the pictures or something. Probably took a short cut."

"But I thought they didn't use that line any more?"

The night officer pushed back his cap. "That's right, but all the same this year kept washing out the new section on the main line. They had to rely the lot, so they ran a single line down the old cutting to take off some of the traffic while they worked on it. The temporary line's only been down a few weeks."

He turned and glanced at the clock. "All the traffic went back on the main line at midnight. That block was dead stiff. The pilot engine that hit him was the last one to use the old way."



"...And could you imagine it... something jammed in the breach-block and we made up."

PARLOUR TRICKS

Sleight of hand by GIBSON



"Tying up Poppy" is a wow...
Toby popped into the next room
to find a chair and let
him have look. He can't imagine
under two boxes. This brings
the old boy accepted in the
evening and the work was
done, saying...



A speed trick is the "take a
card... say card" routine.
You ask little Willy to choose
a card... place it back in
the pack... then tell him
he'd find it on the roof of the
post office...



One of the toughest tricks of
all is getting out of the wind-
ing of wool... even Houdini
would have to give this
away...



One of the most spectacular
tricks of Houdini was the
"artificial black-out"... This
calls for a steady line and
perfect co-ordination of move-
ment...



If things are a bit on the queer
side a few tricks can be
quite interesting. If one
happens to be an amateur
and they can be very amusing
and only be harmful if practi-
sed on one or something.



Still... a really smooth guy
with a little imagination and
that should be able to cope
with quite a lot... and still
have fun.

Gibson

STRANGER and Stranger



FOR FERDINAND . . .

It's a sorry world for bulls in the Minnesota town of Spokane (U.S.). A news flash reports that a Spokane resident, Mr. Morris C. Cook, has just been awarded Patent \$239,366 for an invention, "The buller woman-on," which (we understand) is designed to deter belligerent bulls from plunking with revolvers. The contraption consists of "two insensible metal plates, separated by coil springs, that fit one over the other on the forehead of the animal, a holder holds these plates in place; the outer plate carries a number of inward spikes which pass through holes in the inner plate so that, if butting is attempted, the pricking is severe enough to break a bad habit." "This device," adds the inventor, "is useful for other well-known barbers not of the brains brand."

DOG'S LIFE . . .

Bored with his father's insurance-broking business, Captain John Eldred, of London (England), has harnessed out for himself in life. He removed his aspiration when, one day, he passed a narrow medley of madrons quarreling outside a horsement shop to buy their dog's ration. Captain Eldred thought they named even faster towards an advice agent, rested himself on a cot, and set up the name DOGS' DINNERS. To-day, happy owners of happy dogs can save both their time and their ears

by allowing Captain Eldred to forward them away morning "one lb. of chopped ham-meat, garnished with parsley and seasoned with green-peppor paper." And Captain Eldred's trademark is a long post.

MEET "ACE" . . .

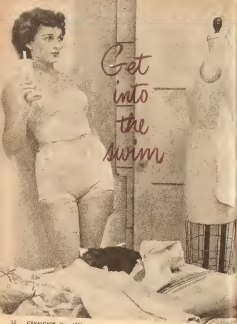
Yorkshire mathematician, J. R. Womersley, of the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington (England) has recently introduced the world to "ACE" (Given more formally as Automatic Computing Engine). ACE, it appears, is actually a monstrous electronic brain which Mr. Womersley and a team of "under-ghosts" scientists have designed and built at a cost of \$4,400. Its household (the edict) may be used by the public at \$1 a minute or also can be bought in a reduced version for \$25,000.

SLEEP SHOW . . .

Latest highlights in the American Way of Life is the "Sleep Show" . . . an establishment which specializes in all the most modern rest systems. For the woman who pays to bed apart, there is a "beard's pink palace" (two-piece and made of quilted mini) to cry on, price \$15. On the other hand—and rather decent—you can equip yourself with a "Lolaplan," which (claim the manufacturers) "has a constant working tone, marvellous dispelling a relaxing pose dispense." An exploding mattress for slumber-beds is heavily expected.



"Don't look now, but I think we've struck pay dirt."



Maybe, you don't think it's possible to improve on nature, but shoot a wide smile at this! What if winter is coming howling and hi-cup-augering in, remembering that good old slacks... "If Winter Comes, Can Spring Be Far Behind?" The answer—under current weather conditions—is, of course, doubtful, still there's no harm in hoping. So why not a mode—(by yourself)—no-measure swimsuit. First, of course, there's a matter of taking Pick your own model.

Then, of course, there's this "Ravage Bros" (to you!)—and there'll be absolutely no need for you to worry about what those wandering waves are doing—oops, we understood, "rouse control of the diaphragm" (and several other things besides). And next there's a matter of measurements (depending on which beach you happen to bathe). In this case, Friser Cunningham checks mode! Terry Huxley's measurements—you lucky, lucky mom



And here you have it . . . all ready—for the dips-to-come. But—believe you us — this Glamour Puss really has something to pay about. That swim-suit has been constructed for whatever you call it) of "Orchid Sores" and gold threads. Moreover, the sun's rays can't do it the least harm. She can tan herself into a fair resemblance of a tin of brown boot-polish . . . and the national won't even pretend to show



RADIOIODINE . . .

About 100 hospitals and clinics throughout the United States are now using radio-active iodine for treatment of thyroid gland disease, reports the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. Clinical reports state that more than 1,000 cases of hyperthyroidism have been treated with radio-active iodine and in 95 per cent, the disease was brought under satisfactory control.

ANTI-COMPENSATIONIS . . .

Simple stretching exercises are eliminating backache and headache complaints among workers and are also reducing absenteeism, states "The Journal of the American Medical Association." A typical case quoted is that of a telephone company which experienced a huge prevalence of backaches, headaches and other complaints among its thousands of women operators seated with a forward thrust of head and neck at the switchboards. Examination revealed that the women were suffering from constriction of ligaments in several parts of the body. When simple stretching exercises were taken three times a day, the complaints were soon eliminated.

GLACIER GOUT? . . .

According to "The Journal of the American Medical Association," most

persons with uric acid payic ulcer too now avoid surgery by securing a new ulcer drug, "febine" (trade name). The drug is synthetic compound, taken in tablet form blocks the impulses of the nervous system which stimulate over-activity of the stomach. "It is our present opinion that 'febine' is a medical treatment better than that hitherto available and that need for surgery has and will decrease," "The Journal" adds.

BLOOD TESTS . . .

Doctors in the near future may have a blood test that will detect various diseases and also measure the effectiveness of different methods of medical treatment, declares Dr. Benjamin L. Kahn, of the University of Michigan (U.S.). The basis of the new test (known as the "neuronal reaction") comes from 25 years of continuous effort by Dr. Kahn. As an example, he cites the following episode: One of his laboratory assistants was voluntarily tested with the "neuronal reaction" and her blood picture showed changes suggestive of some disease; two months later, physicians diagnosed tuberculosis and the girl was hospitalized; she was discharged a year later and a second test by Dr. Kahn showed her blood serum pattern had returned to normal.



SERVICE STATION SLAYING

Find your man! . . . That is the eternal order issued to every homicide hunter or later, but how many of them do

WHOD did it? The eternal question in every murder case.

The recent Commission on the guilt or otherwise of Frederick Lincoln MacDonough for the murder of William Henry Lagman was a case in point.

Another was a crime which took place in Arizona in 1925.

At least, the crime took place in 1925. It was the buttressing to death of a country garagekeeper; innocent men were arrested but later released; the real perpetrator of the crime was

not discovered until six years later! There are other similarities.

On the night of September 12, 1925, young Fred Lagman drives his light-blue, sports model car up to the small gas station of Harry Cyb on the outskirts of Ypsilanti, Michigan. He had with him an older man, Grover Terry, and Cyb came towards them as the car pulled up. Lagman got out. He knew Cyb, so he lived in the district. The gas station was placed to a house and through a window Mrs. Cyb could be seen ironing the clothes of

her five young children.

Lagman did not want petrol. He was a flash young man, often broke, but he had not come to rob. He worked in the Ford works. He could get petrol from Cyb on credit. He had got five gallons that way some days before, and left on security with Cyb an Indian blanket which had been given him by his girl. That girl was to play a large part in the whole thing and she had even begun it by giving Lagman that blanket.

The young man asked the service station owner for his blanket. He didn't want his girl to see it. Cyb refused to give up the blanket unless he was paid for his petrol. They argued. Cyb told Lagman a few words about himself and Lagman threatened Cyb. They got more annoyed. Suddenly Lagman swept up a three-pound engine's hammer and brought it down on Cyb's skull. Cyb fell—and stayed down. Lagman and Terry stared at the unconscious man. "You've cracked his skull," said Terry.

"I never heard it crack," said Lagman. "I never hit him hard."

"Hard enough," said Terry. "We gotta get outta here. No one ever up to this dark."

Lagman picked up the limp body and placed it on the running board of the car. He got in the car.

"Get going," he said. "You told me to stay here."

They drove fast along the highway. Lagman leaved out of the car and held Cyb's wrist. The police was along. The car reversed and Cyb fell in the road. Terry pulled up the car, the two men got out, pulled the garagekeeper into a deep ditch, climbed back into the car and sped away into the darkness.

Mrs. Cyb wondered what had happened to her husband. She rang the police. They found a trail of blood

They crossed along the road, and their handkerchiefs picked up a little pool of blood in the center of the roadway. It led them to the man in the ditch. He was quickly conveyed to a hospital in Ypsilanti, where he died the next morning.

Immediately the injured man had been taken away, the police paralleled the road. They saw a man striding along suddenly and, as it was after midnight, they gathered him into their car. He was a dirty blackam named Herman Crossie, 39 years old, and he had scratches on his face and hands. They took him to the farm where he lived and found there his 22-year-old brother, William, and young 16-year-old Owen Laake. They also had scratched hands and faces and the clothes of all three men were torn and bloodstained. There were more bloodstains on their touring car—on the hood, side curtains and both seats.

They explained these bloodstains. William Crossie said he had lost control of the car and it had dove into a ditch. They laid out their hands and feet against the car back on to the road. In spite of solid questioning, they stuck to this story. Undershaft Elliott took them into Ypsilanti. He had three suspects an hour after finding Cyb.

Harry Cyb had been popular in Ypsilanti. When he died the next morning there was open talk of lynching the three suspects. It would not have been the first time innocent men were lynched.

Nineteen days after their arrest the Crossies and Owen Laake were secretly brought before the court and recommended until October 1, without trial.

Evidence was given that the blood which was on their car was Herman blood. Mrs. Florence Richardson, who lived near the gas station, and she was driving past Cyb's about 11

a'clock when she saw an open model car standing at the gas pump. Harry was filling the car's tank. She thought she saw a man about to strike Harry, but she could not be sure, as it was very dark. The man would be about the size of Herman Cronin.

Herman Cronin was found first and a string of circumstantial evidence was put up against him. But, in spite of the case built up by the police, the jury, after 15 hours' deliberation, found Cronin not guilty. The charges against the other men were not presented with

Taking it was so easy to get away with crime, even the major areas, Legman gave up his job and took to armed robbery. He married Genevieve Allen, who had given him the blanket, and he was doing all right.

Then he found the law wasn't so dumb as he had anticipated. It put out its long arm and nailed him in a Detroit for armed robbery. And he was handed a sentence of from 2½ to 15 years.

He was very much in love with his wife and she was in love with him.

Genevieve sharp politician had a bright idea. They got in touch with Legman's wife. They had an idea he had been sentenced in some other hold-ups, but they had no suspicion about the Cyb murder.

One day Legman got a letter from his wife. It said "I understand you are writing to other women. I want to warn you that if this is so you'd better quit. If I tell authorities what I know, you'll never get out of there. Now don't make it necessary for me to warn you again."

What was one in the other places for Legman. He, being young and foolish and very much in love, had told his wife all about the Cyb killing. And now it looked like it would come home to him. He guessed where the wrong information about his wife-

ing to other women had come from. But what could he do about it? He couldn't tell her it was a police stall. His letters "were censored." He did try to tell her—but she never got the letter!

Months went by and he began to breathe easily again. One afternoon he was called into the visiting room. His visitors were two state detectives and his stomach got hot in it. One of them told him that they were there to make inquiries about a man—said that made the hair many days.

Legman denied knowledge of any murder. He they said he might be able to help them and give them a lead, as he knew most of the people around Ypsilanti. Did he ever know a man named Harry Cyb?

Legman tried to take a tight grip. He left all. He admitted he had known Harry Cyb, but not well. They next asked where he was the night Cyb was killed.

Legman wondered if Governor Terry had been jailed and had opened up. But he shook his head at the question.

"I don't remember that far back," he said.

The detectives left him then and he breathed again. After all, he thought, even if anyone had talked they had no other evidence, and his word was as good as anyone else's.

But a hint is a handy basis to work on and the police were busy. They dug up another garageman, who said that on the night of the murder Legman had had petrol put in his car and had borrowed a hammer and driven off. And then they learned that a car resembling that seen near the scene of the murder had been found at the bottom of the Detroit River.

They took in Legman's wife. They asked her what had happened to her husband's light-blue car. She didn't know. Then they told her all about

Legman wanted to come out in Detroit. And they added that Legman had said in prison that he was visiting his wife when he finished his term.

She believed them, and she spilled the beans for and wife. She told how Legman and Terry had murdered Cyb, returned home at midnight and got her to help them clean the blood-stains from the car.

Terry was gathered in. He knelt. The next morning, March 12, 1931, nearly six years after the murder,

Legman was charged with the crime. Legman and Terry pleaded guilty. They each received life sentences.

So Legman will never again see his wife, unless a parole board says so. He is a prisoner in the State Prison at Southern Michigan and has made flowers his life. The prosecution said that he and Terry killed Cyb to rob him, but, as they did not do so that seems hard to believe.

So an old crime was cleared up, and the statement which was used was a woman's jockey. That'll teach you!

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GAUYAS WILLIAMS



LIFE CHANGING WAS DOWN IN JUST BEFORE SUPPER, ON A NIGHT WHEN VOONIE HAVING A MEAL THAT CAN'T BE FORGOTTEN AND WHO SETTLING DOWN COMFORTABLY, REMARKED UNQUOTE OF WHAT TIME IT IS

Coat and Badge by Doggett

He died on the day of the race which made his name live on.

FRANK BROWNE



YOU'D get a lot of varied answers if you asked a team of sports fans to name the father of organized sport. The odds are a million to one against anybody naming the man with most claim. But there's a man who set down an unusual record and financed it.

His name was Thomas Doggett, and from the year 1818, Thomas Doggett's coat and badge have been used for on the Thames by the six fastest London watermen.

Thomas Doggett was not an athlete, but an actor. He was born in Ireland, but was a lot of success on the Irish stage, before coming to London. He formed a friendship with the playwright, Congreve, and soon reached the fifty heights of actor-manager of Drury Lane.

At first glance, he doesn't seem at all the type for a patron of sport. What led him into promoting his annual race was the desire to do well by the Watermen of the Thames. In his day the river was London's principal highway. There were nearly 1,000 watermen plying for hire and the value of their goodsell to a theatre manager is obvious.

He did nothing about it, until one night in 1818, after supper at the Swan Tavern, Doggett conceived on the landing stairs to find a means. Moving the table against the direction he wanted to go, and an waterman willing to take him. Finally, a young apprentice waterman like apprenticeship was the reward offered to take him. On the way home, the young

waterman gave Doggett such an ear-bashing on the headstage attending home a Thomas waterman, that Doggett decided to promote his annual race.

On August 1 the first race took place. The notice announcing the event said: "This being the day of the Majesty's Birth Anniversary to the Throne, there will be given by Mr. Thomas Doggett, an Orange Coloured Livery, with a Badge representing Liberty, to be rowed for by Six Watermen that are out of the first channel the past year. They are to row from London Bridge to Chiswell. It will be continued annually, on the same day, forever."

It has turned out that way. Doggett died in 1831; but as his will he charged the Admiralty Office with the custody of the race. Five pounds were to be spent on the purchase of a silver badge, weighing about 12 ounces, engraved with a coat of livery; twenty shillings for making up the cloth, thirty shillings to go to the clerk of Watermen's Hall.

The race was an exercise test of strength and skill. The course of slightly under five miles, was rowed in the heavy everyday boats of the watermen. On top of that was the fact that the heavy Thames traffic had to be negotiated. There was also the fact that betting was heavy on the race, and that it was the accepted thing in those days for spectators to take a rather more active role than they do to-day.

In 1836, one Evans, who well in the lead, was downed with a well-aimed bottle, which put him out of the race, and nearly out of life as well. In 1836, the bows of the leading boat were stove in by a bigger craft containing the supporters of a rival.

London Bridge was the only bridge over the course in the early days

(there are now 11) and this also was a hazard for the wary. Supporters at various points used to station themselves on the banks and drop stones and water on the heads of they shot through.

The excitement of the spectacle led to Doggett awarding a claim that if a race was not won fairly, a boat be re-run. There are numerous records of two and more races having been run in the one year.

From about 1850, attempts were made by various watermen to lighten their craft, and new designs appeared, which made greater speed possible. Wooden watermen were in vogue from about 1850 onwards, but it wasn't until 1867 that the use of the modern rostral shell was permitted.

Of the earlier winners, easily the most famous was John Brougher-Brougher won the event in 1838, after a sensational race in which he survived all attempts to nabble him.

In 1876 he turned to boxing, and became the father of the London Prize Ring. He had down the first act of rules, which lasted from 1883 to 1893, and introduced gloves.

Of later winners, three, Kerr, Harding and Ted Phelan went on to become British Champions of the world.

In 1918, Perch, an American, won the race, the only one that it has gone outside England.

Strangely enough, nobody has any record of the name of the first winner of the race, but there is a painting of him, which hangs in the Watermen's Hall. He is a swarthy, beetle-browed, heavy customer, who sits at the apex of what appears to be a high-backed flat-bottomed dory. The rowlocks are more visible than in the rowlocks. He is dressed in a white shirt with full sleeves, and around his head he has a spotted kerchief in blue and white dots.

In the records are also known of contests about the barmaids that were held in the basement of the Waterman's Hall, which were traditionally part of the race. It appears that most of the winners believed in water as purely something to row on, and that when it came to lubrication, favoured extra heavy beverages. With unashamedly conclusively, it is recorded that the winners finished very drunk. There were often fights and riots between opposing factions, but little mention of this appears on the placards. High spirits after a boat race appear to be the accepted thing in England, where happenings on boat race night after the Annual Oxford-Cambridge race are extremely lively.

The race passed under the control of the Fishmongers' Company, one of the Guilds, back in 1793, but the Waterman's Company, which controls Thames traffic, and still because Watermen, who are now largely barmaids and lightermen, prize on the annual barmaid.

The ceremony attended in the race has gone on unchanged. Trial heats are run for a month before, on a course from Putney to Hammersmith. The date is shifted seasonally, as the race is never rowed on a Sunday, and also to ensure that the competitors row with a full tide.

The start and finish are almost white; they were originally, although the two teams, the Old Swan and the White Swan, have long gone, a source of disgust to many no drink, who preferred to watch without leaving the tap-room.

For the start, great ceremony is observed. The starter is the house master of the Fishmongers' Company. He wears a great cocked hat of gold and silver. His robes are red, with gold braid. He calls the starters, each clad in a different colour, to the start

line, which is a tape stretched between two anchored wharves. He fires an old-fashioned horn pistol to start them. They dash away up river, followed by a horde of supporting craft, right into the teeth of the traffic. Neither side does anything about courtesy. The barmaid on board, passing chosen glassware, and equally pleasant replies, come back from competitors and supporters.

The race is its only day, with the heavy boats, took nearly an hour and a half. Today, with the lighter craft, it takes round about 20 minutes. But it's still no pleasure point, and is generally accepted as the toughest rowing test in the world.

As the field comes down to the finish line, the finish judge, dressed in ceremonial robes, like the starter, waits, and as the winner crosses the line, raises his hat, and calls for three cheers. Then, by tradition, all competitors, with their boats, are taken aboard the following craft, regaled with a quart of ale, and a rub down. Then back to the Waterman's Hall for the house.

The event has even produced a poet although his name is unknown, and has wrote anything but classical. One night in Lambeth, in the year 1771, a young waterman wrote on a wall: "Tom Duggell, the greatest oyle dealer in his parts."

In Acting was written a number of acts.

A movement left-on board is follow-

His probe is rung gently by using a smaller.

Two thousand years hence, if the world last so long.

Tom Duggell will still be the owner of their song.

When Old Nell with Louis and Barbara are forgot.

And when numberless Kings in oblivion shall rot."



"Don't worry. When he asks me an embarrassing question I'll just change the subject."



TREND TO OUT - DOOR LIVING



CAVALCADE'S suggestion for this month is a medium-sized two-bedroom home which features the modern trend towards outdoor living.

The living and dining rooms are combined, forming one large room which overlooks the two terraces. Glazed doors and a large picture window open up to a paved terrace facing the street, while a sheltered partially enclosed terrace at the rear of the building is also accessible from the living room.

12' x 14'

The two bedrooms are each equipped with a built-in wardrobe. There is a coat cupboard in the entrance hall, and a linen cupboard adjacent to the bedrooms and the bathroom. A stove cupboard opening off the kitchen is another useful feature which allows fuller use of standard kitchen cupboards.

The garage is attached to the house, with side access across the rear terrace. This could be added at a later date if necessary.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this home is 55 feet and the overall area including the garage 1,260 square feet.

Hey for the Honeybrew

Imitate the frisky, little bee by all means . . . but don't imitate us if some of its more peculiar habits please you to trouble



GAY DOYLE

MUCH as it may depress all alcoholics (temperance or otherwise)—as well as "Dry" voters in prohibition referenda, representatives of breweries and even more hard-line—we are compelled to report that the Humble Bee—for so long abused as the prime cause of the nation's degeneration and downfall—has been grossly misjudged. Whatever may be its current evil reputation, the insect (of somewhat insectivorous) ilk is not the beginning but only a contribution in the development of the cup that cheers—and also pleasantly merrifies.

Actually, the bee really commenced to set its wings when first appeared on this earth an aggressive bug which we are still being implored to admire and emulate.

To cut a long story short (and coin a phrase), the bee's two most shoulder the blame. And none too soon, either, if you ask us.

Though there were undoubtedly earlier encounters, the first authentic evidence of the man-bee-bee was in a rock painting (assumed to be about 15,000 years old) which was unearthed in 1915 in a Spanish cemetery titled "Cueva de la Arca."

"The Spider's Cave"

This celebrated work of art shows what may be a man or a woman, dangling from what—with some crackling of the imagination—could be construed as a tree. In one hand, the figure is grasping a bag; the other hand is suicidally inserted into the beard of an abortion bot's hair. A few bees (about the size of wedge-tailed eagles) are hovering expectantly around the glen.

Maybe, the scene depicts an early—but sufficiently spectacular—attempt at primitive self-liquidation, vice versa; it may be just a plain, old-fashioned Stone Age "Study of Handicraft, Native Entomology, Sweet Tooth." And there is nothing to show whether the honey producer (of the or he or it was a honey producer) intended to savor honey straight off the oak (as it were) or to use it as the basis of something still more stimulating.

But, whatever was the idea, that primitive spirit had certainly started something.

There seems to be some dispute whether the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Hindus, the Greeks or the Romans were the first to recognize a good thing when they saw it and to get well in on the ground floor.

It is still a fact, however, that—before many hundreds of years had passed—the nature of our ancestors were spending happy days of their years basking in a particularly virile blend of female juice, named variously as "hydromel," "mead," "meth" or "methagen." This beverage was as highly regarded that the Greeks claimed it as "Nectar" . . . "The Food of the Gods."

The concoction was composed of three types: (a) Simple Mead, (b) Compound Mead, and (c) Vinous Mead.

The crude fermentation of our race appear to have harbored a pronounced preference for "Vinous Mead" . . . their choice being no doubt guided by the fact that "Vinous Mead" seems to have much of the potency of undiluted ethyl alcohol.

In ancient India, honey was elevated to—if anything—an even higher position. Every Hindu was bidden "to turn his right side towards a beehive, as though saluting a god." The highest of all Hindu deities, Krishna, was symbolized by a bee and was called "madhava" . . . "born of honey." And the common or garden run of Hindus themselves collected gallons of honey as a food, a medicine and as "an alcoholic drink." At religious ceremonies, "tapas" (sacred honey and herbs) was redded down with the toast "I drink thee for luck, power, glory and for enjoy ment." (As "tapas" seems to have been just another species of "vinous mead," the "enjoyment" is, perhaps, self-evident.)

In Northern Europe, the Germanic tribes crowded round the honey-bee like a mob of drought-stricken burrows gleaning for a layover. As a matter of fact, "mead" was in such plentiful supply that—according to ancient manuscripts—a fire at Meaux (on the Upper Rhine) was quenched with "mead" because the inhabitants had more "mead" than water. In the Heaven of Warriors, the halls of Valhalla "flowed with mead and the dead heroes drank without ceasing of an inexhaustible supply." Sometimes even "bliss-mead" (which somehow seems reminiscent of a solution of ten foot gold in methy) was served and, in the Middle Ages, honey drinking increased its status to become "an honored part of feasts."

Not was Britain (before 1866 and all that behind-hand). One heavy legend—to quote a half-forgotten

STAND back, you represent-

lost money? A U.S. woman has outwitted you. Baked out of house and home by nibbling rabbits, Mrs. Lillian Christman, of Toronto (Canada), has struck a perfect solution. Now she sows her bottles with her lettuce and radishes, planting them so that the bottle's neck protrudes about five inches above the soil. At the slightest wind these radishes along the bottom whirled and began stampeding the bunnies.

chronicle—has it that Britain was first invaded by Pioneering voyagers who claimed to the Cornish coast and found that her hives "supplied the whole nation, from the king down to the poorest wretch, not only with food but with drink and light as well." The place, it was also learned, was called "The Honey Isle of Beld" . . . which the clanging Africans mistook for "Honey-Ame," a phrase that the Romans in their turn transcribed as "Beldame."

In darkest Africa, "mead" is still a popular intoxicant. Diluted with water and allowed to ferment, it is sometimes referred to as "kuk" and, being a ceremonial draught for which doctors, even possibly priests in arranging these bewitching mixtures known to civilization as "purple mead" and "little green man" which often are viable to these jungle glades in their trunks.

But why continue? The effects of the busy bee are not confined to the manufacture of a heart-warmingly efficient intoxicant.

You will forgive me for mentioning the subject, but honey is also famed as an aphrodisiac.

Since the dawn of written history, a large proportion of the love charms and phobias of both East and West have been mainly composed of honey.

Many Asiatic people did—and still do—swallow honey as a magical substance "which controls the fertility of cattle and women" (The comparative value of value in an Oriental does not vary).

For instance, in Morocco, a wedding celebration is, for the least, a symphonious's Niverna. The guests are piled with goblets of honey-wine until both they and the houses who accompany them are fit to fall on their faces. After most of the company have consumed this position (generally in pairs), the groom is supposed to accompany his spouse to the wedding chamber and there engage himself in consuming even larger quantities of honey-dew.

When—after a day or so—he is released, it is unanimously acknowledged that if a Little Stranger is not already on the way, the bride has obviously been bewitched . . . and a divorce suit can be expected shortly.

On much the same theory, the supposed supper of an Ancient Roman couple normally consisted of milk, honey and—believe it or not—poppy juice.

In India, Hindu weddings often started honey-brew. The bridegroom kissed the bride and said two lines modestly here: "This is honey; the speech of my tongue is honey; the honey of the bee is dwelling in my mouth, and in my teeth dwells peace." Whereupon the bride was assaulted with more honey as her forehead, mouth, eyelids, ears and other areas which had better be confined to the substance of medical text books.

After that, the happy pair might naturally be expected to stick together for the rest of their lives.

Yet, even here, the bee's abilities are not expended. Not only in the complete birds creature alleged to extend the love-ties of ardent aviators, it is also claimed to be capable of increasing the span of life.

For what it is worth, the Greek poet, Anacreon, is said to have died at the age of 115 . . . attributing his stupendous vigor to a daily diet of honey.

Paul, the Bookkeeper, started King of Poland in 824 A.D., contrived to keep sane for 120 years . . . again insured up by honey.

A Scotch knight named Owen is reported to have expired at the age of 211, leaving a paternal son born to him when he was 81. During the last year of his life, he walked 71 miles in six days. This feat (revealed Sir Owen) was the direct result of an unbroken diet of milk, vegetables and honey-brew.

Even Master Thomas Parr (the Rag-Bib) Mother-in-law-of-all-Mother-in-laws who died at the venerable age of 152, after having married and produced a child at 183 and married once again at 152, attributed that he would never have made the grade if he hadn't dosed himself with honey-brew.

So there you have it. In future, when you are requested to furnish honey the busy bee improves the charming hours, don't say we haven't given you the answers.

Prospective proprietors of Elbert stills may select one of two recipes:

(1) Queen Elizabeth's Method: First, gather a bushel of thyme and half a bushel of summer; add a peck of dry-herbs and herbs there in not less than 120 gallons of fair water; then boil for a space of half an hour, pour off the water and herbs

into a vat, when milk-worms, strain the water from the herbs and take to every six gallons of water one gallon of the finest honey; mix and let stand for two days; stir well twice on those each day, when it hath matured, strain off the dregs when it is clear, put it into a vat to rest.

However, if this method seems a little complicated, try #—

(2) Compound Mead: Boil three parts of water with one of honey over a slow fire until one-third has evaporated, while boiling, add chopped rye-meal (one half-pound to six pounds of honey), then and insert a heated coat of bread (crumbs) which will again appear until the liquid is clear, when cool, dress it with keep wet in warm room with the top open until the contents begin to ferment, add lemon peel, cinnamon, cloves and cloves (about two months) has passed, close the hatches of the vat; the longer the mead is aged, the more potent it will be, after several years in the cask, a lump of sugar should be added and the whole decanted into bottles.

And now . . . go to it . . . before the Pure Food Act catches up with you. And don't blame the bees what-ever happens. Someone always has to be blamed.





double column

• Our Office Wolf claims he's enticed by a girl who—when she is good—is very, very good—but when she is bad, she's better • Which reminds us that, before the invention of firearms, many weddings were due to turn out "error" • Thus leading us naturally to observe that she is good for any girl to be as fit as a fiddle if she hasn't any boss • Starting Rem of Marquess Section: We know a weary-headed man who wants to marry a sister and *quit* admiring • Her girl-friend, however, is just a little prairie flower . . . she grows wild in the bush • And, while we're on prairieing hints, we'd like to point out that a champagne toast by any other name would be easier to spell • Social Settings: Good speeches are like good seeds, they depend upon the yards that are used • Then, of course, there was the unscrupled plot who approached his brother at a party and acquired what was cooking besides the cherry • Road Safety Suggests Traffic Signs For Cemetery: "Drive carefully . . . We can wait"

• Any man who can drive safely while having a woman's watch isn't giving the kids the situation • *depress* • Big Business Bureau: Recently we met a Key Executive who keeps a golfball in a bowl on his desk . . . just for the possibility of having something around him that opens its mouth without asking for a run • Paragraph for Pious Deceit: A Temperament is a Temper which is too old to speak • Department of Democracy: All men are born free and equal—but by the time they're old enough to realize that, they aren't • Tiny Tim's Career Case, childabidical Derry-ack's heard about the three little pigs who left home . . . their father was an awful bore • Ministerial Monkeys: At last, a Minister of Education has confessed that parents are very important . . . without them he'd be out of a job • Students' Supplement: In case you don't know, students are those peevish people who, the more they learn, the less they do! • Advice to the Love-Loss: A loss needn't necessarily be shiny when she gives a wolf the slip • Backyard Banties: The rump thing about a vegetable garden is, if you don't plant soon enough, it's worth too late

OUR SHORT STORY: Our Leading Loss Shark reports that he has been approached by a nut character who announced that he was employed as a psychiatrist in a pottery factory . . . he took care of the cracked pots

KATH
KING

SUICIDE CORNER

By PAUL BENSON AND JACK ORLANDO

WHEN TRACY TOLD
MARTIN HE'D WENT TO SEE
THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE THREE WAYS BY
CAT, DID A STORY FOR HER
MUSIC AT THE SAME TIME.



MARY LASCOTTE, THE
LEADING LADY OF AN
ATTRACTIVE SINGER,
WORTH LISTENING ABOUT
MUSIC AT THE SAME TIME.



HE'S GOING TO DO AN INTER-
VIEW. WOULD YOU LIKE
A PHOTOGRAPH, MARY?



MARY GRANTED A PLACE IN
ON HIS VERY SUCCESSFUL
ON THE CUBAN PATTER



MARY MAKES HER WAY
TO THE STAGE, LEAVING
ROOM, AND RELEASING
THE CAMERA ON THE
THE STAGE. MEANWHILE
THAT MARY LASCOTTE IS
STILL ON STAGE.



THE SUBJECT FLIES WIDE
FROM THE STAGE, AND
MARY, WHO WAS
WOULD BE SUICIDE.



WHAT'S THE MEANING
OF THIS?

MARY LASCOTTE IS
HURRIEDLY
THOUGHT IT WAS
SHE OPENING THE
DOOR.



MARY'S UNHAPPY HUSBAND
HAD PLANNED
TO CLIMB BACKED AS
SHE WERE OPENING THE
DOOR, HEARING MARY
STOMPED BACK. MARY HAD



COME WITH ME DEDMAN,
AND WE'LL SEE HOW
BEFORE THE COMES IN.



SCENES A BITTER
MAY BE THAT MARY HAD
INTERVIEW, MARY LEAVE
THE UNHAPPY HUSBAND
AWAY. MARY HAD



TRUCK MARY GETTING
WELL TO
MAYBE MARY WOULD
HAS A DOOR.



AS MARY HAD INTER-
VIEWING THE HOUSE
MAYBE MARY HAD
MAYBE



MARY, HAVING TAKEN
TO HIS APPOINTMENT
STARTS TO TALK TO HIM
ABOUT HIS TALENTED
WIFE. MARY HAD



MORROW HOLIDAYS I WANT
 ALL THE CHOCOLATE - ONE
 DIME THE BLUE CITY BOB
 DIME IT MEANS SALT
 I DO IT



... AND NOW THE LOOKS
ON THE ARE ONE OF THE
STARS AND SHE'S
CHANGING ROLES WITH
ANOTHER MAN



WHO IS THERE OTHER SIDE?

I didn't know how hard
it was, but it was



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REPEATEDLY HAVE BE
MARRIED AND IN 1950
MARRIED THE ORIGINATOR
THIS CASE. FELLOW



THE CALIFORNIA PACIFIC
STEAMSHIP CO. SAN FRANCISCO



THEY WERE ALL TRYING TO
FIND OUT THE NAME OF THE
FIRM AND HOW TO REACH
THEY WERE.

[illegible]

LET ME HELP YOU... AND
DON'T DO ANYTHING
DANGEROUS AGAIN. GOOD
BYE.



I SET OUT TO GET A
STORY AND FOUND
A GOOD ONE



11 I DID WANT TO BE
12 PLAIN AND TRULY
13 A GOOD WIFE BUT
14 NOT HOME YET

[illegible]

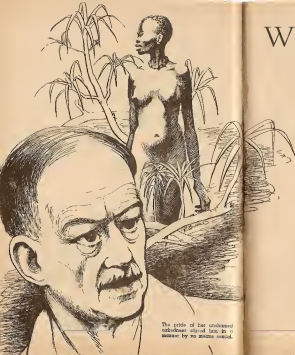




REMEMBER - ROAD COURTESY MEANS ROAD SAFETY!



Published in the interests
of Road Safety by
**THE COMMONWEALTH
OIL REFINERIES LTD**
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Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. Ltd.)



The pride of her unchanged
substance stirred him in a
manner by no means needed.

WHISPERS in the JUNGLE

THE WORLD HAD CRUSHED HIM, IN THE STEAMING
BLACK HEART OF AFRICA HE HOPED FOR REFUGE.

DAVID WILLOUGHBY SPENCER—Bachelor of Medicine
by the grace of a long-barred Board of Examiners—
leaped on the tail of the rust-stained paddle-steamer which
was asthetically shell-chafing up the Mfura River.

He sighed—it might have been in relief or chagrin—
and tilted his torso to snap the event from his belated
sculp. Then, sitting limply on the rail again, he resumed
his plaintive survey of the river's bank.

High among the dark-green, star-pigged tapestry of the
jungle, he could glimpse a festoon of monkeys shattering
abruptly as they swung from tree to tree to escort the
streamer in her passage.

Dr. Spencer regarded the swaying forms.

If God (he was thinking) they could be human; their
ribcage chatter could have been the jargon of coffee-
house elders and after-theatre cronies in the city; it
carried the same unshakable squeaking, squawking, mut-
tering confusion of sound that any beadle of men and
women all talking together seemed to emit.

And yet—Dr. Spencer's homesteadness was blown aside
in a gust of dilution—there was a difference . . . a real
difference.

In the gabbie of the city, you—or he, at all events—
could (if you were alert enough) often sense on a chosen
phrase, or a few words caught out of their context, an
undernote of making.

And then, if you listened more carefully, you began
to realize that, beneath the associated notes of a city-
orchestra, there always ran the same sinister-theme of
malice concealed by fear.

JACK PEARSON • FICTION

Why not admit it? The men of the city lived in a constant struggle to destroy before they were destroyed. They lived in a state of perpetual uneasiness . . . anxious for themselves . . . anxious for their jobs . . . and for the men who might rob them of those jobs. They felt they had to kill to avoid being killed . . . put when they set out to kill, it was not the brave men with a sword but without conscience . . . safely . . . from ambush . . .

And so their chosen weapon was not that of a warrior, but of an assassin . . . the whipper behind the victim's back . . . the half-truth, more venomous than a dagger's lie . . .

There (Dr Spencer told himself) was the difference. In the monkey's squabbling, he could pinpoint no such undercurrent. Their voices might sound angered or jeering or challenging, but there seemed no hint of venom or of malice. It was as if they were jibing one at another for the simple pleasure of a sporty past. Without any ulterior motive, they seemed to mock at everything for the delight of mocking. They cracked at the steamer . . . at the river . . . at themselves . . . even at life itself . . . but there was no harm in their mocking.

Dr Spencer was sufficiently cheered to open up his weary pet.

That must be it. When he had finally settled the city's dirt from his nostrils, he had gone making something like this. Well, here it was . . . or was it? He hardly dared to hope.

A hippo, three-quarters submerged, stared uncomprehendingly at Dr Spencer as the paddle-steamer slid along a mud-bar and curiously sniffed round another herd of the river.

Dr Spencer ignored the wallowing beast and continued to watch the river's bank unwinding like a roll of shot-silk ribbon. Suddenly his

shattered top-hat was jerked apart like a tugged vacation band.

From the sweating back-drop of the jungle stepped what seemed to be a phantom as ethereal as any contrast with life . . . a native girl with a green-woolen basket slung on one arm and a heavy brass necklet clasped about her throat . . . but with no other veil to her nakedness. Her smooth body, with its sloping flanks, gleamed in its coating of oil; with long, little fingers and toes upturned towards the sun, she viewed the panting paddle-steamers with a frank interest.

"See her . . . unsmiling by her shape or when nodding," reflected Dr Spencer, stirred by an excitement not in any manner sexual. Yes, that was it. Here was what he had been seeking . . . humanity at its most unspoiled . . . unsmothered by any sick wonder of devious pretence of prudery. It might be a cliché but here she was . . . the Primitive Mother . . . animal, perhaps . . . but with all the animal's untroubled grace.

Dr Spencer was closer to happiness than he had been in years.

Yes, he had been right to come away from the city.

Not—he had to confess to himself—that he had had much other choice. In the end, it had been a case of get out or go under . . .

And yet it had commenced so quietly. The steamer chined again over Dr Spencer's eyes and the muddy waters marked unheeded in the steamer's wake.

Suddenly she was arguing with him, self for the headrest-and-odd time! there was even for two doctors in one subject, surely a man who here such lush credentials as young Towers couldn't sink into the drags of such artificial hypocrisy. But the facts were too plain. Young Towers

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had been capable of doing what he had done.

But why? . . . why? Before young Travers had come to put up his place in the suburb, Dr. Spencer had already through the years built up a solid position. If it had sometimes seemed hard-earned and arduous and often variously manifested, he had driven from it a measure of the same placid contentment of an old family lawyer. He had done his best . . . and he had had no reason to be ashamed of that best. He had had no wish to play dog-in-the-manger . . . he had been satisfied with what he had . . . he had been willing to leave any new painings to young Travers . . . it had been his mistake . . .

Yet what a sad-spirited fool he had been not to realize what was happening. He had met Travers from day to day and Travers had seemed almost deferential. And there was no disputing it—Travers had had a real success in the suburb.

Only gradually it had dawned on him—he could remember his half-unbelieving surprise—that the criticism in his appointment book was steadily growing fiercer.

At first, he had been ready to shrug the whole thing off . . . nothing abnormal seemed to be happening in the suburb . . . none of the usual epidemics were afflicting the young fry . . . there had been no unreasonable signs of expecting nothing . . .

But as his books had shown that he was slipping below his customary average . . . even for his worst-off periods . . . he had begun to worry. And perhaps it had been this tiny nag of worry which had made him more observant of the reactions of people . . . and even fairly suspicious of them.

He had caught himself over-dropping, almost, and placing undue value on short scraps of conversation. Or

had he over-estimated what he had heard?

Now he was sure that he hadn't. But by his, the things that were meant (or weren't they?) to be veiled; the meaningful "jokes" (if they were "jokes") had fitted into a neat figure and formed a complete pattern.

They were saying that Dr. Spencer was falling behind the times.

Probably they were right . . . to a certain extent. But he had tried to keep in touch as much as any suburban practitioner could. And what, after all, was more genuinely clinical treatment except applied psychology and a bottle or two of coloured water?

Still, such gossip could be seriously annoying. And what reason had he of refusing it? No direct accusation had ever been made to him, there had been no concrete statements that he could pin down and refute. His sole defence had been to disregard the whole anonymous affair . . . resting on his heels apparently unperturbed, while the story ruminates edited in order had wider circles.

He had continued to keep a poker-face; but if it had concealed his trouble, it had not been able to hold it up. His lettering and business backing his leisure for a solution to an unanswerable problem. The row continued, he had had only half his mind on his work—what work was still left to him, that is—and so he had made inevitable mistakes.

How else explain the harassment of Mrs. Morrison's death? A run-down had broken off deep under her fingers . . . he had deluged the police . . . but undoubtedly had slowly spread and, though he had whistled and coughed intemperately he had had in expiation at the point, in the end.

Naturally, the rumours had swelled just short of a shriek . . . "Clumsiness!" He's getting awful! And the

Defence Should Begin Now!

Last Summer has proved conclusively that bush fires are a threat to our way of life

(Condensed from an article by G. A. Hangerford in "The Australian Brokerage")

There are two main causes of bush fire. One is the accumulation of inflammable rubbish, and the other "pilot lights". These last throughout the timber belt and I have seen about 32. They may smoulder for six months or more. I can show a spot where one burned for two years.

How then do we control the bush fire menace? It boils down to doing small fire work in the season to prevent big fires in mid-summer. Stage your fire so soon as it will run. This is important. Too soon is useless, and too late, even by one day, is dangerous. This preventive burning should break up the country into "fire-light" compartments, and in every instance local conditions and local weather should be taken into account that they may prove your allies and not your foe.

The big bush fire is an awesome spectacle, and it can only be stopped by holding it, or by a change of the weather. I have seen such fire "fire-trap" tremendous distances, and can produce on my hundred witnesses to swear that they saw a fire "trap-trap" from Kunzea to Condamine Road in N.S.W. The defence is threefold. A break is one hope, but before burning it you must be sure that there is a hole back on a road, railway or over some where ahead of the main blow. But most such fire cannot be put out by these methods. Your last hope is the evening bell. The supreme effort should

be made when the occurs. Given as all means, see to it that there is no smouldering log, tree or stump within reach of unburnt country.

Do not try to put things out with water. You can't break water. Run everything out to the last step. If a burning tree stands, tell it. Drag or roll a log well back from the margin. A single overnight may mean the whole battle will have to be fought again and day.

Finally a word of advice to Bush Fire Brigades. Big fires are no joke. Your captain will one day be responsible for lives and property. Don't appoint "old Joe", the ex-convict captain, because everyone likes him. Choose a man who knows his stuff—and then stay alert.

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poor woman such a person, too?" And
the pages of his appointment-book
had been almost blank.

At his self-dish, he had seen (or
seemed to see) strongly suggested
pleases cast at him. At the twentieth
hole, he had been left more and more
alone: a while, further along the
bar, poor Trevena had always been
the centre of a gathering group of
crusts . . .

He might have fought his way
through, however, if Jimmy Landers
had not been brought to him. It
had been as if Fate had been de-
liberately stacking the cards against
him. By all appearance, Jimmy Lan-
ders had been just another routine
golfie case. He had appeared,
Trevena had given the assurance. The
operation had seemed successful.

And the use of those famous mis-
adventures which almost every doctor
must encounter at some period of
his career: the boy had collapsed and
died a few hours later.

That had been the climax. Dr.
Spencer's appointment-book had
ceased to be worth the trouble of
opening; most margins were more
than his waiting room had been.

And then, in its stillness, a lightness
would lead at last told him in so
many words what with the never
returns were appearing over him.

A flushed, checked, flabby-browed
woman had flounced, sitting and
balding, into his deserted surgery.

"Murderer!" she had screamed at
him. "That's what you are . . . a
damned, bloody murderer!"

"Please, Mrs. Landers, please!" (Dr.
Spencer wheeled as if there was
something wrong) had the echoes of
her cry.

The woman had beaten wildly at
him with her clenched fists.

"You, murderer! . . . murderer!
murderer!" Operated on the little
boy for golfie when all he had was

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mangled. That's what you did! Everyone says so!"

It had been the end of Dr. Spencer's lecture.

"There you, woman! Shut up!" he had roared, grasping the woman by the shoulders and shaking her furiously. "And who do you mean by 'Everybody'?"

The woman's hysteria had deflated with the snap of a punctured balloon.

"Well, Doc Travers for one . . . he says so!" she had whimpered. "Doc Travers says he was there . . . and he tried to warn you . . . but you wouldn't heed . . ."

She had flurried from the room, and he had slumped back into his chair. What to do? . . . what to do? . . . another endless search to solve an unsolvable riddle. Perhaps he might have cited Travers for defamation . . . but what would have been the use of that? If Travers had denied the woman's story, Travers' statements would have carried the greater weight . . . If Travers had confirmed what the woman had said . . . well, it would have been only his own word against Travers . . . and, if it had come to a balance, Travers would have led the woman for support.

Somewhere in the back of his mind a dim whisper had seemed to repeat the motto which an old politician had once confided to him as the summit of all Parliamentary wisdom: "It doesn't matter how big a lie you tell, so long as you tell it first . . . some of it is sure to stick."

And (Dr. Spencer had not been able to fight down the suspicion) had he done the right thing? . . . or had worry led him into one more mistake? . . . he had kept reassuring himself that he was in the right . . . but was he?

Dr. Spencer had rubbed his palms across his desk as if he were con-

firming a pack of cards. The game had been played.

Thank God, he was an old and confirmed bachelor! He had simply gulped up his stakes . . . and gone.

He had started out, whence even he had not known. Then someone had suggested Africa to him.

What it had been, he could not now recall . . . perhaps some travel poster . . . perhaps some film, seen long ago and half-forgotten . . . perhaps some book whose writer and title both had escaped him . . . yes, he rather thought that it had been some book. The idea seemed to nag a hell in his memory.

How was it some author had described Africa . . . "the great realisation-bellied Mithras of All the Livers . . . the black, steaming world, scarred with primordial growth . . . the primal source of human existence . . . brutal, perhaps . . . but open in its brutality . . . not censored with the city's refinements of demeaned barbarity . . . a dark embrace within the shelter of which a man might escape . . . even if only to death."

Dr. Spencer had the average human destiny for death . . . even for a death which sought him out kindly, enfolding him in the sweet, warming embrace of warm arms and holding him gently into the dark comfort of sleep. But . . . he had consumed himself . . . it was really not worth consideration. No matter what dreams of sleep should come to distract that primordial sleep after he had done away content, they could be no worse than the living nightmares of the city. At least, Africa's death . . . despite who could guess what savage puns that might accompany it . . . was awfully personal . . . much to be preferred to the relentlessly clinical, sterilized outcome in which the city disposed of its victims. Much to be preferred.



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True Romance

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS

So Dr. Spencer was called for Africa. Well, here it was.

The slender shaft-shafted fortune up-stream. On the river-bank the girl panted . . . her hairbrush swinging . . . and pattered into the train.

It may have been just his imagination, teased Dr. Spencer, but the yearning of - the melody-like seemed to take on a tender note as they farewelled him.

A note—surely, yet somehow unpleasantly familiar—permeated at Dr. Spencer's side.

Dr. Spencer bestowed himself from his language and good without evident enthusiasm at the Kra-boy who was maintaining himself on the red jungle land.

As a general rule, Kra-boys were a product of Africa which Dr. Spencer—even at earliest acquaintance—was inclined to deplore. To him, they were prototype caricatures, unwaveringly reminding him of all he was trying to leave behind. In a way, they were worse than the monkeys. At least, the slight variations of the monkeys were instinctive . . . unbridled . . . and so, reasonable, weren't they? But the pretensions of the Kra-men were conscious, impertinence . . . vaguely deriding both in black and white in their eagerness.

In the Kra-men, Dr. Spencer had always a vivid sense of a satire on the city . . . a satire that stripped the tawdry laquer of the show-biz-hen from their skins and reduced their nasal brilliance to the ridiculous form which it was.

Only in one thing—Dr. Spencer was forced to confess—had the Kra-boys improved on the city. They had cleaned the burlier's pretensions in all its branches to a fine art. They were past masters in thievery and . . . if Dr. Spencer now turned a reluctant ear to the confidence of his

new-life complexioned companion—he did so mainly from sheer delight of being positive that at least one thief was not in his cabin.

Besides, he knew this Kra-boy . . . Over a series of early-morning cups of tea and the inevitable banana, Dr. Spencer had developed almost a homely acquaintance with him. The Kra-boy had apparently once recognized him as a born liar and had not delayed in converting him into a kind of human waste-paper basket in which he deposited daily the grubby carbon copies of his profits, his wages and the details of his love-affairs, which seemed to be varied, unbridled and to be related solemn blow-for-blow with a gusto that was not to much Babalanian as the final purple of a hot-shouldered sunset. Around this confidential verbal river with which he crossed Dr. Spencer, there may have been some tattered fragments of truth . . . but always among them there appeared a flourishing crop of lies.

All of which made it transparently evident to Dr. Spencer why this should be the boy whom a former employer had with breath that undependable) yet cherished "Amman Out-house" when providing him with a selected testament to the value of his services.

The Kra-boy heard at Dr. Spencer and provided a relaxed thumb towards the vanishing girl.

"Behold, said she . . ." he mouthed, a smile of happy unconsciousness spiraling his unpossessing countenance like a red disc of water-melon.

"She . . ." "Hold your tongue!" Dr. Spencer had snarled. He was intent on enjoying his Italian and American Out-house was vainly one of those whose most heart-rending delight is to debunk all situations, whether good or bad.

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answered, "the town of Garcon is now one more two, three or four heads ahead."

And, steadily declining to leave his captives, he refused, he spread out his whole ten fingers on proof.

But it was not Ananias's electronic system of calculation that earned Dr. Spencer to reveal from the rail.

With an ear-shattering blast of its whistle, the paddle-steamer was announcing that it had reached the further side of the ridge. Behind the river-bank was a small clearing, even with a few plots of meadow and building precariously within a circle of gnarling jungle.

"That," affirmed Ananias, rampant "The village of Garcon . . . and I and . . . ah-ho!"

Dr. Spencer was observing. He was staring at a score or so of red-roofed native huts . . . many or less two-lane shapely a givemediation stone, grided to a square in the afternoon sun; and a designated wooden bungalow, from the veranda of which someone was lazily waving a cloth.

A many pier of unbrimmed logs reaching out into the stream and here and there a few black figures were already crossing towards it.

"At last," Dr. Spencer breathed spontaneously. Ananias endorsed his opinion by spitting resolutely into the river.

Which was probably the reason why Dr. Spencer turned away abruptly . . . and as first noticed the cause that was concerning with the paddle-steamer on the pier . . . but from the opposite direction.

The craft held only one paddler, and he ruled by every evidence was not on his job. He was again and again waving his paddling to chance suddenly over his shoulder and up the river.

Suddenly, however, he seemed to

be strung into an explosion of energy. There was no hesitation now. He resumed his paddling . . . driving fiercely at the muddy waters as if he wished to lift his unpredictable craft skimming dragon-fly-wise over the surface. He moved with all the latent swiftness of some fugitive who knew without seeing that a pack of ghost-hounds were laying at his heels. Yet, behind him, only the fluster of a bird's wing and an eddy of foam splashing round a rock broke the emptiness of the river down which he came.

By God, a Flying Dutchman . . . an African Flying Dutchman, Dr. Spencer trembled to himself and wondered vaguely what ailment they drove that obviously hap-ridden soul in such a frenzy out of nowhere into moving nowhere.

The craft glided from a wave and hovered aimlessly; but the man-man manly drove his paddle deeper and plunged ahead on his course. As he swung from side to side with each dip of the paddle, his chest pulsed and heaved and wide streams of sweat poured down his face to make mud of the scales sprinkled on his bronzed shoulders.

"Watch yourself! Watch yourself!" Dr. Spencer was on the verge of yelling "Damn it to hell, man, do you want us to collide?"

He restrained himself at the risk of time. With two swift thrusts of his paddle, the man, evidently shortening his paddled intentions, sent his craft swerving on its axis and appeared untroubled across the streamer's bow.

The paddle-steamer and the canoe touched the pier almost simultaneously. As the steamer's gang-plank clattered down, the ancient tossed his canoe-paddle into the water and clambered rheumatically onto the pier deck.

He was a thin, wizened skeleton of

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a man. "There but for the Grace of God go I!" Dr. Spencer informed himself dramatically. . . his bald head miserably decorated with a disheveled crest of once-brave plumes. Equally shabby crests of human skeletons adorned his shabby wrists and ankles. A moment of worry, quivered through his nostrils, creased like a moulted snake over his forehead now. A worn, monkey-skin bag dangled from the leather strap which, bound about his waist, completed his garb.

His wrinkled paw was padlocked with a fresh mass of wrinkles as he peered anxiously at the steamer, then, with a last swift glance upriver, he marched steadily towards the gang-plank.

At the edge of the plank, however, he stopped short. A horse bark . . . as if from a tamed dog. . . besides from his lips fell, tearing the monkey-skin bag from his waist-band, he leaped it after his paddle into the water.

"Good God! What's he! And what's he doing?" asked Dr. Spencer despite himself.

Answering Gutierrez' spot were more in sophisticated manner and answered calmly at the wanted ancient fellow him.

"Oh, here . . . here" he advised Dr. Spencer with unhesitant disapproval. "It is . . . how do you say it? . . . he is one sudden quick . . . but they (Gutierrez) completely stricken the green-skinned remnants of what had once been a pair of white, cotton trousers and leered contemptuously at his less conversationally clad blood-brothers who had gathered behind the steamer on the pier. . . they . . . just sudden took . . . they did think here a great white-doctor and was of strong medicines . . . until . . ."

Dr. Spencer seemed by some special

of levitation to be heated momentarily into mid-air. All his ingrained professional maintenance on the infallibility of Cause-and-Effect was collapsing, like the work of a jerry-builder, into rubble about his ears. He who had always refused to recognize conclusions could not now deny that coincidence was staring him in the face.

But it can't happen here, he was (reassuring himself, it can't happen here. Yet—against all reason—it was in all evidence happening here. That word "until" seemed to be leading him back on paths he had travelled. He didn't like the sound of it. But he declined to accept contradiction without argument.

"Until . . . he asked, happily, baring several fangs. "What do you mean by 'until'?"

"Until now they do not," Answered, nonchalantly. "So now he throws his medicines into the water and takes himself down the river."

"That who? . . . why?" asked Dr. Spencer, more than ever convinced that the chaos of coincidence can shake it.

Answered a series of snarled, forked-up into a snarl.

"Because the warriors up river are no longer faithful of N'Gambi," he explained indifferently. "Because they say N'Gambi has drawn too old . . . because the medicines he makes is no longer strong . . . because his magic fails in power . . . so that the crops parch and the hunting is poor . . . and the chief's wives bear no sons . . . and for all that, they say, N'Gambi is to blame . . . for they know N'Gambi's power is lost . . . that they have been told."

Dr. Spencer was startled to hear himself giving vent to something he could scarcely only as an uneducated blab. There was no disparaging it he knew this story by heart. And

the "they" was the "they" he had heard in his nursery.

"But who told them?" he stammered. Answering Gutierrez squirmed, undoubtedly stricken by a spasm of indignation self-righteousness.

"Why, who else but Wokoni?" he informed Dr. Spencer excitedly. "Who else but Wokoni, who was once the wife of N'Gambi . . . Wokoni, the girl on the river's bank . . . concerning whom I was faithful of culture, say the air . . . but the air for lack?"

"Draw me to hell!" Dr. Spencer groined in earnest blasphemy.

"Yes, sir, indeed!" uttered Answered, saluting his own injuries by rubbing the salt well into another's wounds. "Wokoni, it was . . . it was she who told them what Elmo, the young medicine-maker, had told her . . . for Wokoni saw that N'Gambi was old . . . and that Elmo was young . . . and she believed Elmo . . . so now Wokoni sits in Elmo's hut . . . and Elmo makes magic for the chief and the chief's warriors . . . and N'Gambi flees down-river . . . at which all men are joyful that they were saved by

Wokoni. Who told N'Gambi's crimes?" "Oh God, not here too!" Dr. Spencer barked aloud.

"Indeed, yes, sir," Answered answered delightedly. "And Wokoni will wait by the river until she sees N'Gambi pass on his way when she will return to make Elmo glad."

The rhythm of an old song was leaping on Dr. Spencer's tongue. . . "It's the same the whole world over" . . . "It's the same the whole world over."

"Answer!" he said loudly. "Don't make my tongue. I'm going back!"

He spun on his heel and stalked away to greet N'Gambi, Who Had Over Them A Great Medicine Man, at the top of the gang-plank.

He thought it might contrivance a fellow-practitioner to be told that perhaps the only cheering aspect of a city's medicine-chaos was that, when it was being brewed, all concerned could be perfectly confident that, somewhere in the dark of some jungle, other white-doctors would be doing the same.

In the twilight across Ganges, cheering the members yelled a deafening psalm of sardonic laughter.

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Talking Points

LION OF THE SEA . . .

To-day, another woman sits on the British throne — and British history has a reputation for being lightest when a Queen rules. Great things are hoped for now . . . so, as a taste, we give you a flash of what you may find. Wooden ships could do under another English Queen. Read "Galleon of Disaster", it is a vivid episode of Elizabeth I . . . the red-haired German . . . and the man who fought for her.

RELATIVE . . .

With the exception of a few conspicuous exceptions, the Maestro Kennedy has lately been driving unorthodox episodes for his revelation of the less published sea habits of the human species. Sea was the Maestro really the first to drive into these dramatic domains in a remarkable part of spirit? Please don't all about at once. Consider Margaret Clarke's article on Page 24 . . . you'll be surprised.

PLASTICITY . . .

In honour of that Dr. Michelson, whose memory is well cherished by as many as three types of World War II, we dedicate the article "Men Who Make Plans" (Page 12). There you will find some short account of the same warlike which Michelson accomplished on those married and belated undertakings who were sent to him for aid . . . as well as a glimpse of what is being done now, and what

will be done in the future. The Plastic Surgeon has come into his own.

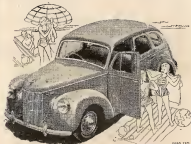
AND EVERYONE . . .

As for the rest . . . well, we can only hope you enjoy it as much as we did. For Australians, there's a most little slice of understatement, "Memento of the Finks", For Historicists (Original or otherwise), the second story of A Lady Who Loved an Outlaw (we'll let you say how windy or how wild). For Those-Who-Like-Then-Strand-Begin, we recommend "Moleculists Can Be Fussy" and "May You Be Happy-Born". Finally, we include that consistent collector of amputation feet, Waverley Island, as well as Jack Plummer and a new-comer, one Alfred Tournier.

NEXT MONTH

If you will allow us to give a preview, we think you will find next month's "CAVALCADE" to say the least International. For Woodmen in the By-Ways of History, you have "The Truster Dead as Honour" and "The Justice Ordered a Deal", for Chivalrous (Amateur or otherwise) "A Rock For a Rope" and "Galleons With Puffs As" for unshakeable world-inventors "Mysteries of the Sahara" and "Fantastic Footprints on Tassie's Sand", for forward strategists "Freaks of Thousands", and for sport, "America's Fifteenth Hole". Fiction and features are right up to standard.

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